VOL V TEN-CENTS-A-COPY-

No 121

THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED BY
ALBION W. TOURGÉE

June 4, 1884.

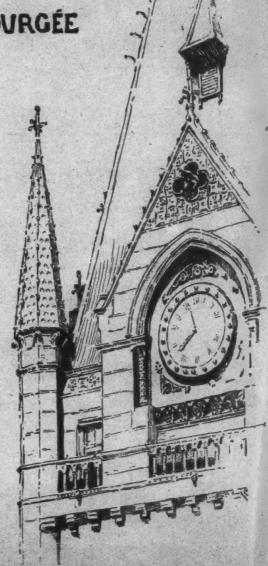
LEADING FEATURES.

HE WERWOLF. A Poem. By Ella Heath. Illustrated by A. Brennan.

OO TRUE FOR FICTION. VI. With Gauge & Swallow.

IER FAMILY TREE. Part I. By Helen Campbell.





OUR-CONTINENT-PUBLISHING-COMPANY-

NEW-YORK-25-CLINTON-PLACE

CONTENTS-June 4, 1884.

The Werwolf. Poem Lewis West 705	Prescience. Poem
Too True for Fiction. VI	A Modern Themistocles — Inherited Prejudice — The Grand Prize—The Speculator's Fate—General Grant's
The Mastersingers of Nuremburg. Gottlieb Federlein 714	Misfortune—British Liberalism—A Great Lawyer—Wall Street—Industrial Education for the South.
Mendelssoin's Regret	The Bookshelf
Friar John. Poem George Gibson 721	Books Received
A Nation's Vitality Castello N. Holford 722 Her Family Tree. Part I Helen Campbell 723	Cartoon

FORTHCOMING NUMBERS OF THE CONTINENT.

Too True for Fiction.—Stories by Edward Everett Hale, Helen Jackson (H. H.), John Habberton, Rose Terry Cooke, A. W. Tourgee, Philip Bourke Marston, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Nathan C. Kouns, (Author of Dorcas), Louise Chandler Moulton, and many others, are promised for this series, or have already been published. The prizes offered for successful guesses as to authorship are fully defined on another page—including the "Grand Prize Competition," under the terms of which the sum of \$1,000 is offered to subscribers who are successful in guessing the authorship of the "Too True for Fiction Stories."

Illustrated Papers on Trinidad, The Sparrow-hawk, Queen Louise of Prussia, John Ruskin, and many other timely and entertaining topics are in preparation.

TO SUBSCRIBERS: The receipt of the first copy of The Continent will notify new subscribers that their subscriptions have been received. Renewing subscribers will be notified by a change in the number on the printed label that their renewals have been received. No other receipts are given for subscription money, unless specially requested in the letter containing the subscription. In ordering changes of address, the old address as well as the new one should be given.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Four Dellars a Year; Two Dollars Six Months. For Special Offers, Premiums, etc., see announcements in advertising pages from time to time.

TO CONTRIBUTORS: Authors sending contributions to The Continent will further their own interests by inclosing a stamp to insure notification in case the manuscript proves unavailable. A still better plan is to inclose enough stamps for its return by mail, or to request its return by express. Unavailable manuscripts, not accompanied by stamps, and without a request for their return by express, are kept for six months and then destroyed without further notice. All reasonable care will be taken of manuscripts reaching The Continent, but responsibility for them until after their formal acceptance is expressly declined. Manuscripts are subject to letter postage, and will not be taken from the post-office by us unless prepaid in full.

Address all communications to

THE CONTINENT

27

732

735 736

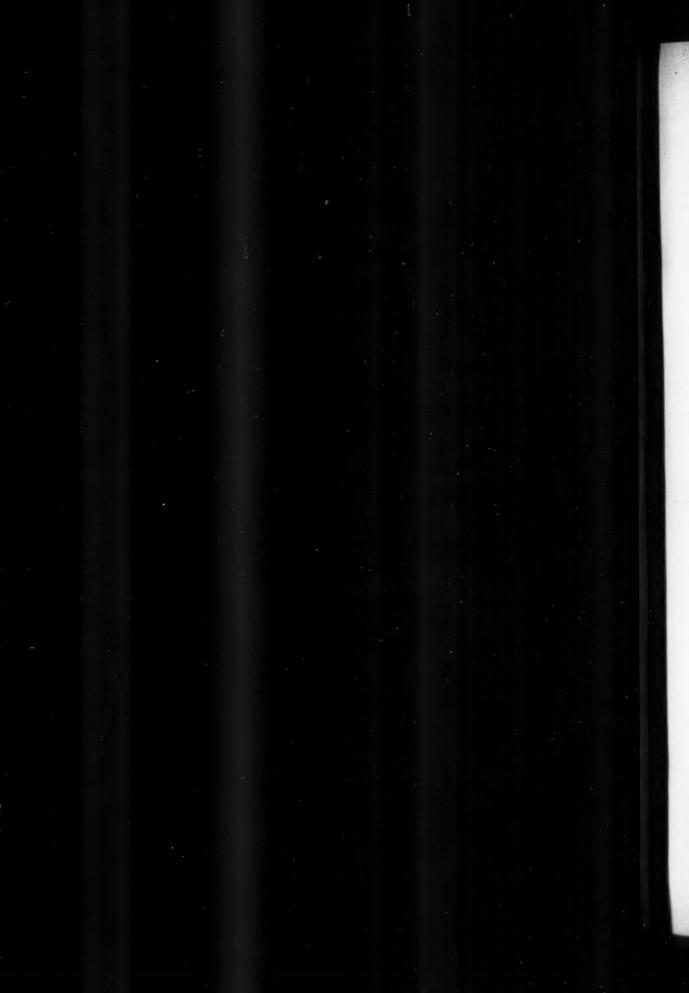
abwe, for ship hich Too

kin,

that er on oney, e old

Pre

interetter ilable it for eachfanuil.





I looked on his face—he did not rouse; I looked on his face—such a pair

of brows!

Black, for a babe! In a straight line set, Right in the center they all but met.

Well, my fears stopped as he grew; A better lad you never knew.

All day long at his play he'd keep; Nights to bed and (why not?) to sleep.

Up to manhood how children run! I was proud of my full-grown son.

"Mother," he said, "there's a feast to-night Beyond the woods, and the moon gives light.

"Let us make merry with our friends— Ere midnight comes the revel ends."

We went to the woods and we stayed awhile, And my son came up with a pallid smile.

"O mother! mother!" he cried out,

"'Tis time long since we had turned about,

"For midnight's near. Make haste, make haste, There's not a moment left to waste."

We started off through the forest dark;
'Twas near to twelve—"What sound this?
Hark!

"Surely I know that hideous cry;
A pack of wolves must be drawing nigh."

My son said naught. I looked on his face, His brows were joined, as I hope for grace.

The wolves seemed coming faster on; I turned me around—my son was gone.

And a wolf ran toward me, mouth frothing mad. My God! three legs the creature had!

Right upon me the werwolf sprang, And caught my apron in its fang.

I pulled it, and flung it over its head, "Heaven help you, Werwolf!" I trembling said.

The spell was broke, but aloud I cried, For my son was standing by my side,

In his hand the apron. I glanced at it And shricked, for I saw the hole he bit.

And then I looked once more on his face; Between his brows was a visible space.

And he wept, and blessed me for what I'd done— The Werwolf was dead—I had saved my son!

LEWIS WEST.



TOO TRUE FOR FICTION.

"'Tis strange, but true: for Truth is always strange— Stranger than Fiction."—BYRON

THESE stories, published anonymously under the above general title, are by the following authors:

CHARLES BARNARD, ROSE TERRY COOKE,

EDGAR FAWCETT,
uthor of "An Ambitious Woman."
ROSSITER W. RAYMOND,
ANNA K. GREENE,
(Author of "The Leavenworth Case.")

HELEN JACKSON (H. H.) EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JOHN HABBERTON,

(Author of "Helen's Bables.")

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON,
E. P. ROE,

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, MARY B. PARKER, HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, NATHAN C. KOUNS,...
(Author of "Arius the Libyan.")
SARA ORNE JEWETT,
A. W. TOURGÉE.

In addition to these, other equally well-known writers have promised to contribute, and all have cordially expressed their warm approval of this latest form of the literary conundrum. The series will contain twenty or more stories. The names of all those contributing will be published from time to time during the continuance of the series.

GRAND PRIZE COMPETITION.

One Thousand Dollars will be distributed equally amongst those who correctly name the authors of all the stories for this Grand Prize, the competition to be under the following conditions:

1.—Each person competing for this Prize must forward one year's subscription on or before the first day of July at the regular rate (\$4.00 a year), with a notification that he intends to compete.

2.—Upon receipt of such subscription and notification the name of the sender will be entered upon the list of competitors and an acknowledgment of the same will be mailed to the address given. All persons, whether subscribers or not, who may desire to engage in this competition and wish something to spur their inclination, will also be allowed to compete for desire to engage in this competition and wish something to spur their inclination, will also be almost do compete for the lesser prizes may be transferred to the list of competitors for the Grand Prize by forwarding one New subscription as required above.

3.—The publishers of The Convinent reserve the right to withdraw the privilege of competition in case one thousand competitors shall not have entered by the first of July.

4.—Competitors for this prize should mark all communications distinctly, "Grand Prize Competition."

5.—The competitors for this prize will be allowed three months from the date of publication in which to guess the authorship of

each story.

-Within ten days after the receipt of the last guess (limit of time as in rule 5), the list of successful competitors will be made out and the money paid.

For other rules see below. To ALL PERSONS, whether subscribers or not, the following offers are made:

1.—To any one who shall correctly guess the authorship of ten of the stories, we will send, post-paid, any one of Judge Tourgée's Novels, or any single volume of the "Our Continent Library."

2.—To any one who shall correctly guess the authorship of twenty of the tales in the series, we will send The Continent

free for the year 1885.

3.-To every one who shall rightly guess the authorship of all the stories of the series, we will send The Continent for two years, beginning January 1st, 1885.

The conditions necessary to entitle one to enter this competition are:

1.—The name and address of the person desiring to compete shall be given with the first guess as to authorship.
2.—Each guess must be received within one month from the date of the number in which the story is published.
3.—All guesses must be sent on postal cards, for convenience in filing and assorting.

VI.

WITH GAUGE & SWALLOW.

I HAD been with Gauge & Swallow seven years when Eber Stone entered the office. I was a graduate of Harvard, had stood well in my class, and entered the profession by the straight gate, studying at the lawschool, and then entering as a simple clerk, working two years for nothing more than the opportunity that might come afterward. It is a hard road, but after all it is about the only road by which one gets into the practice in the metropolis, unless he has friends or money enough, so that he need not fear that his opportunity may come too late. Of the active clerks I was one of the seniors in service. I had been very sanguine and ambitious when I begun. My little patrimony had been consumed before my salary sufficed for even a tolerable support, and the vision of a home and family had given way, before I reached thirty, to a sort of selfish gratitude that I could be comfortable as a bachelor. It is queer how one's ambition fades when he finds how powerless he is to gratify it. I am of good family, and have never done anything to impair my self-respect. Of course I have seen strange things. Such an office as ours is the very place where the crooked things of

the world are made plain, even if they are not always set straight.

I think the most curious episode of my service there was the career of this man Stone. He was a quiet, plainly dressed man of thirty-five or forty when he first entered the office. In figure he was hardly above the ordinary height, but of such compactness as to bear down the scales out of all proportion to his casual appearance. His hands had a brown, rough look, as if tanned by exposure rather than hardened by toil. He was well enough dressed, and yet there was a certain air of negligence about his apparel that impressed one with the idea that he gave very little attention to it, and, perhaps, half despised a man who did. His face was rather attractive, when one came to consider it carefully. The beard that fell in brown luxuriance over lip and chin was somewhat too long for the city's style, but not long enough to seem straggling or phenomenal. It just hid the opening of his high-cut vest, and, with his rather heavy brows, made a fine setting for the calm gray eyes and fair, almost ruddy, face. He was not a man to be specially noticed in a crowd, because of the harmony which pervaded his appearance, yet he was a man who could not fail to make an impression on any one who considered him individually. There was a rumor that he had come from the West, which, indeed, seemed probable, both from his personal appearance and mental characteristics. He was quite reserved, and seemed to be what we call rusty in many branches of the law, and especially dull in relation to the details of business. By business, of course, I do not mean the vulgar thing sometimes known as trade, in which men buy and sell, ship and handle the actual products of labor or skill. I rather mean that genteel vocation wherein men buy and sell not only what they do not have, but what they do not ever expect to have. Business, by our modern definition, really means only that which is done upon "the street," where men meet in queer, dark offices, in which the "ticker" reigns supreme, or in crowded, bustling exchanges, where "bulls" and bears" buy and sell—that is, they call it buying and selling, though, in fact, they only take this method of betting in a legal way upon events far more uncertain than a horse-race, and no more akin to trade, in fact, than staking money on the colors in rouge et noir.

Stone, I say, knew nothing of this business when he came to Gauge & Swallow's office. Where he had been all his life I never could make out. He was not given to conversation, and from the circumstances attending his introduction to the office very little was forced on him. If he was ignorant of business, however, it was about the only thing he did not understand. I never saw such a man for knowing what others had

never thought of, or for having at his fingers' ends what no one else could find out.

Nobody needs to be told, I suppose, that Gauge & Swallow are one of the most famous and opulent of the law firms that have their habitat in the great city. Their offices fill a whole floor of a great block which occupies perhaps the most valuable corner in the world, over-looking, as it does, the great arena where the wildbeasts fight out the battles of fortune, and men are hourly broken on the wheel of chance. Here, where promises to pay are uttered by the million-so rapidly that the most trained stenographers can only keep the barest skeleton memoranda of purchases and saleswhere human genius has devised and put in operation a contract-machine so perfect that every hour of every day, between ten and three o'clock, it makes and records more contracts of purchase and sale, than the whole world made in a week a hundred years ago. Of course, where so many are made some must be broken, and these make the lawyer's opportunity. A broken promise is to our profession what a broken leg is to a doctor, only broken promises are more abundant than broken legs, and are sometimes patched up without the aid of splints. Perched upon this sightly corner Gauge & Swallow watch the turmoil, and gather from the ills of others their own advantage. There is something very attractive and romantic about this granite tower of refuge which bears the name of the great attornies above the main entrance. Men come to them for aid whose shoulders sustain the commerce of the world. There are rows of tin boxes on the shelves of that fireproof office which bear names that represent more millions of value than a whole state could show upon its assessment rolls say half a hundred years ago. These are not full of title-deeds and cumbrous instruments of lease and release alone, but contain magic slips of paper—some of them hardly big enough to hide a lady's palm-which yet represent sums that it makes one's head swim to contemplate.

It is wonderful how much of value a fragment of paper can be made to represent. There is a tradi-tion in the office, I know not how true it may be, that one of our clients once took from his tin box a certificate of stock, which only measured four and a half inches by nine, but which represented thirtynine millions at the market price. Only think of it-more than a million dollars to the square inch! I have heard that Mr. Swallow was very angry at his client's carelessness, and told him that our office was not a safe-deposit institution. But the owner merely said that was not the kind of advice he paid for, and he hoped Mr. Swallow wouldn't put it in the bill. The joke was a pretty good one, but Mr. Swallow is not a man to be laughed at gratis, and every one believes that his retort drew a check from the millionaire. But such men can afford to joke. Why, I was called in one day to witness a deed, and when I had signed my name the purchaser handed me a little piece of chocolate-colored paper, and asked me to pass it to the other party across the table. I looked at it, and saw that it was a check for five millions of dollars! The other took it, bowed carelessly, put it in his pocket-book, snatched up his hat, looked at his watch, and said: "Let's go and lunch." That was all. I saw him in the restaurant ten minutes afterward eating a fifty-cent lunch, and looking as cool and unconcerned as if he had not a king's ransom in his pocket. Of course, Gauge & Swallow have a host of clerks.

While business has abbreviated its forms and invented wonderful machinery to facilitate its operations, the law has made but little headway in the direction of brevity. Perhaps this is because the lawyer needs something to show for the charges he makes. At any rate, while a man can transfer a million dollars in ten words, he cannot sue for a sixpence without paying for at least a hundred folios of copy-work. I cannot tell you how many clerks Gauge & Swallow have, but there are quite an army of them. They are of all classes, lawyers who are prepared to try cases in any courtjunior partners, some of them, though the firm remains simply Guage & Swallow-mere clerks and copyists, stenographers, type-writers, service-clerks, and messengers and "shysters," mere dirty sneaks, who spy and lie as occasion may demand, in order to get evidence and trap unwary parties into admissions that may prove their ruin—all the human machinery that is required to save time and exertion to the great minds that have built up the first legal business in the land. Strange as it may seem, those men appear to do the most who really do the least. In this age, the brain that follows only the slow tracery of the pen in a man's own hand is sure to fail of making its proper mark. Time is not only money, but it is success. The man who bends

Gauge & Swallow deserve all that they have won. It is easy to see that sixty seconds of their time is actually worth more money than a whole lifetime of some of their servitors. Oh, it is marvelous what a man can do by the organization of human machinery -by inventing and making a machine that shall do his work automatically-shall act and think and cause events to come to pass just as some master mind shall direct! Gauge & Swallow have built their machine, and it is the very best of its kind that has been made thus far. They can hardly be said to practice law themselves any more. In a few great cases they make themselves the mouthpieces by which the

most instruments to his will—who makes himself the

center of a machine so great that he himself cannot see

its outer edges, that man earns and wins success.

action is laid before court and jury, but even then the better part of the thought is furnished by others-the intellectual slaves who grind in their great mills. Suppose, for instance, that you take a question to them a chain of circumstances out of which you conceive that a right has accrued to you. A stenographer takes down your statement in shorthand; a type-writer puts it in legible form; a clerk is sent to search the records; an agent ascertains certain supplemental facts; a sub-ordinate makes up a brief, and Mr. Gauge gives you his opinion when you call a day or two afterward for his advice. It is his opinion, too. He knows the machine he has put together, and can vouch for its action. Indeed, its action is his action, since he, as it were, created the intelligence to which he assigns the various steps of what may very well be termed his own intellection. Eyes and ears, learning and judgment, he has directed upon your claim of right; and when that subordinate and intricate engine has acted, he knows well enough that its conclusion is the very one at which he would have arrived had he taken the various steps himself. Therefore, he truthfully says, "We think," "it is our opinion," etc., though he may not have seen Mr. Swallow in a week, and never mentioned your name or your matters to him. You have simply been put into their mill and their machine has ground you out, flour it may be or bran. They have not seen nor heard nor known what rollers touched the kernels of your interests, yet it is their work. Gauge & Swallow are your lawyers, and have served you faithfully.

Of course, such men have to know not only how to do things themselves, but also how to pick out men to do certain things for them. So it has come to be quite an honor to be employed by them. A man who can keep his place in their office year after year is very sure to be able to do what he pretends to do not only well, but rapidly and easily. It is for this reason that the whole office was thrown into amazement one day when Mr. Gauge came in with a man whom he introduced to the chief clerk as Mr. Eber Stone, and assigned to him the desk that had always been occupied by old Burrell, the confidential and favorite clerk of Mr. Swallow from days before the firm was, who had lately gone over to the majority. Mr. Gauge told the chief clerk that Mr. Stone would work under his (Gauge's) own direction, and would report accordingly whenever needful.

Of course, it was a matter of no little curiosity, and some indignation, that a man should come into the office by such a short cut and then not be subject to its rules. Preferment in the service of the firm was as eagerly sought among its host of clerks, and as jealously canvassed by them, as among the subalterns of an army. That a stranger should be thrust over us, and put at once into a relation of confidence which no one but Burrell had ever before enjoyed-and especially the fact that he was expressly exempted from the control and direction of the chief-clerk who had long been looking forward to a junior partnership-was looked upon by the whole office as little less of an outrage than the divestment of a chartered privilege, or the infraction of a prescriptive right. Many a subordinate made haste to intimate, with more or less explicitness, his sympathy with the official whose nasal promontory had been thus unceremoniously fractured. It was understood that the new-comer would be vigorously tabooed by the office generally. As for the chief-clerk himself, I am bound to say that his conduct though very natural was not by any means marked by that depth and subtlety of penetration which his well-known aspirations would seem to have justified one in expecting from him. A man who sought to become a junior partner in the firm of Gauge & Swallow should have had enough self-control not to show any chagrin at the action of his employers. Had he been a man of really great parts, he would have welcomed Mr. Stone with effusive cordiality, have introduced him at least to those clerks whose desks were adjacent to the one assigned to the stranger, and have put himself at once at the disposal of the new favorite. Mr. Bronson was not large enough for this rôle, which, to tell the truth, would have indicated no little genius on the part of one who should have adopted it. On the contrary, he merely glanced at the newcomer, and in response to Mr. Gauge's instructions said curtly and moodily:

"Very well, sir."

I noticed that Mr. Gauge gave him one of those keen glances, so quick and careless that very few were ever able to surprise and interpret them, which have been such an important element of his power, especially in cross-examination. When Mr. Gauge had left the stranger at Bunnell's desk and wished him success very heartily-almost effusively it seemed to me-the chief clerk sent an office-boy across the room with the key of the desk and instructions to ask Mr. Stone what he required in the way of stationery. I saw a queer glance shoot out from under the stranger's shaggy brows at this inquiry, and then a half smile settled about his lips as he directed the messenger to ask Mr. Bronson if he would give him a few moments when convenient. In the meanwhile, he said, he wished only a few quires of legal cap, some of the firm's envelopes, and a few sheets of note-paper. These having been brought him, with pens, ink, and blotting-paper, Mr. Stone proceeded to arrange his desk, apparently quite unconscious of the hostile glances directed toward him from all parts of the room. Naturally enough, we all felt the affront to Mr. Bronson, whose promotion to a partnership would probably result in lifting each one of us one rung higher on the ladder of preferment. After settling his desk to his satisfaction, the new man opened a somewhat dilapidated leather bag which he had brought, and taking therefrom a bundle of papers, proceeded to their examination with genuine lawyerlike abstraction. The desk at which he sat was in the embrasure of a window, flanked upon one side by the wall and buttressed, when in use, upon the other side by a set of pigeon-holes, which swung back on hinges to the left of the occupant. As he sat at his desk, therefore, he faced the whole room, and was easily studied from every desk in it, though as thoroughly protected from near approach or unfriendly inspection of his work as if ensconced within the railing around the desk of the chief clerk.

It was a good while before Mr. Bronson found it convenient to give the interloper, as he was considered, the few moments he had desired. When at length he bustled over to his desk and inquired in a brusque and hurried manner what was wanted, Mr. Stone did not appear in the least discomposed, but sitting back quietly in his chair, asked a series of questions in regard to the routine of business in the office in a tone loud enough to be heard at all the neighboring desks. He wished to know in what rooms the library could be found; by what means he could obtain access to the library of the Bar Association; to whom he should apply for messenger service; if he could have a stenographer put at his disposal, and if the chief clerk could refer him to any competent Spanish and French translator. When, at length, Mr. Bronson had answered all these questions, he could not help asking, in a sarcastic tone, if there was not something else he could do, there was a flash of fun, I thought, in the stranger's eyes as he replied:

"Nothing more at present, Mr. Bronson. It is a long time since I was familiar with New York, and I am pretty rusty in such work as this, so you will have

to bear with me a little at first."

The chief clerk strangled his reply in a cough, and a sort of incredulous snicker ran around the line of desks. Mr. Bronson told me afterward that he ventured to mention the new clerk's rather numerous wants to Mr. Swallow, and to intimate an opinion that they were somewhat extravagant. Mr. Swallow, he said, merely looked at him in reply, and said:

"Mr. Gauge told you to give him every facility he

might require, I suppose ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then," he rejoined with his peculiar chuckle, which no one could ever tell whether it was goodnatured or sardonic, "I guess you had better humor You know he's a little, a very little, the old man. inclined to be headstrong when he doesn't have his own way, Mr. Bronson."

"Then he gave that infernal chuckle again, and I came away," said Bronson.

Mr. Bronson could not understand the situation; neither could I.

Things went on in this way for a number of days. No one apparently paid any attention to Mr. Stone, at least in a friendly way, and he was apparently quite indifferent whether they did or not. He was evidently a lawyer. There could be no doubt about that. The way in which he went through a pile of papers, and the readiness with which he used the terms of the profession, showed a craftsman familiar with its tools. The ordinary method of worrying an intruder had been re-

The chief clerk had taken advantage of the first absence of all the members of the firm to come to him in assumed trepidation to consult him as to what should be done in a matter of importance in which there could be no delay. He assumed to regard the stranger as on confidential relations with the firm and desired his opinion. Mr. Stone said at once that he had no knowledge of the case, but coolly requested Mr. Bronson to state the point, asked him a few pertinent questions as to the practice, and then decided the matter off-hand as authoritatively as if he had been a judge upon the bench. Mr. Bronson tried to demur to his conclusions, but the stranger said smilingly:

"Of course you will exercise your own discretion. I only gave you my opinion because you asked it."

Of course Mr. Bronson acted on his opinion, but he was not at all pleased that he had to do so. After that, somehow, we got in the habit of referring intricate questions to him almost as if he had been one of the firm. Yet strangely enough, the partners hardly seemed to be aware of his existence. He was never sent for, and, so far as any of us knew, never consulted nor entrusted with any of the general business of the firm. He was always busy, sometimes with a clerk and a stenographer detailed to assist him, but we could not learn that the matters he had in hand were in any way connected with the firm's business. Now and then Mr. Swallow would come in, and, on Mr. Stone's invitation, would sit and talk with him for a considerable time as he had never done with any of the other clerks.

As I occupied the nearest desk, I began after a time to speak with him, and then, seeing he was such a favorite with the firm, I thought I could not do better

than make up to him a little. He was very approachable. It is a Western characteristic, I believe, ever I spoke to him he answered very heartily, as if annreciating my desire to by friendly. The chief clerk, however, was very differently affected, and none of the other clerks seemed inclined to follow my example to any extent. Those who were detailed to work with him found him a hard taskmaster, and especially keen in detecting errors and omissions. We got in the habit of lunching together after a while, almost always at his expense, as he would persist in going to restaurants which my salary would not permit me to patronize. Of course I enjoyed this unusual indulgence, and I think it had a good effect upon my health. I used to wonder how he could afford it, but came to the conclusion, after a time, that he regarded it as a sort of investment, in that it would be likely to secure him at least one friend in the office. This consideration made me feel somewhat more at liberty to accept his unrestricted Western hospitality. I always took care to assure him of my sympathy and esteem, which assurances he used to receive with a peculiar smile and reward with some unexpected extravagance. After a little he refused to listen to any remonstrances on my part, and I gradually ceased to make them. He was not exactly a gentleman, in the sense I have been accustomed to use that term, but, after all, there were certain amiable qualities about him that made him a very agreeable companion. Some of our fellow-clerks were inclined to cut me because of my supposed intimacy with the stranger, but I let them know very distinctly that I was not going to be deterred from an act of simple courtesy from any fear of their disapproval. I did this all the more readily as I was assured that for some reason or other the new man had a hold upon the firm that would certainly prevent my suffering any loss of their favor because of such attentions.

Things went on in this way for several months. Mr. Stone seemed entirely oblivious of the feeling toward him in the office, and Mr. Bronson appeared to have forgotten his animosity against the intruder, when all at once there came an unexpected crisis. For several days telegrams and letters had been pouring in upon Mr. Stone's desk. Mr. Swallow, and even Mr. Gauge, had more than once brought in bundles of papers, which they had taken to Mr. Stone direct, and had spent once or twice as much as half an hour conversing in subdued tones with him. Finally, Mr. Stone asked for another stenographer and several copyists. He took these into a room that was reserved for special work. Among those for whom he had especially asked was myself, and when we were all together he said quietly that the work we had in hand was one of some importance, and that while he would dictate to the stenographers, Mr. Fontaine would have charge of the copying. He would always leave off the "de," apparently forgetful that I was descended from Pierre de Fontaine, Knight, who was exiled to Virginia in the early days of that colony, professedly for bigamy and highway robbery, of which he was convicted, but probably, if the truth could be known, because of political jealousy.

All that day and night, and half of the next day, he worked on dictating, first to one stenographer and then to the other, at his desk in the outer room, looking up authorities, making extracts, and doing more work than had ever been done in the same time in the office of Gauge & Swallow before. seemed very anxious about the work, and little by little it appeared to absorb almost all the working force of the office, yet not a word was said about it by either of the

partners to any one but Stone.

Nothing seemed to tire Mr. Stone. I had stolen catnaps all along through the night, but he never slept a wink. When we went out for breakfast, however, which, by-the-way, we took at the Astor House, where he registered and took a room, he told me to lie down and sleep until noon. Then he said he would have to dictate for about two hours to a stenographer who understood Spanish, and would then get a lunch and sleep till six, when he would come on again and let me off until ten. He was very anxious, he said, that one of us should be present all the time, so that the work, which was then assuming tangible form, should not be confused by getting into any other hands. Thus far, I had only a dim idea of the matter which the firm had entrusted to this man's hands in preference to their own trained and tested subordinates, but I saw that my interest lay in his direction, and made up my mind to serve him faithfully. Our force of copyists was divided into two relays, who had been working and sleeping turn and turn about for two days. When I came on duty again at ten o'clock that night, Mr. Stone was in high feather. Everything seemed to have passed off to his satisfaction, and the work was evidently approaching completion. In fact the copying was all done, but there were several hundred pages of manuscript to be read, compared, amended and arranged. This, as every one knows who has had anything to do with preparing legal documents, is no slight task.

"It must be done, Mr. Fontaine," said he, "at six o'clock, so that I may have time to revise and correct it

before ten."

I assured him that I would have the whole ready for him at that time.

"You will keep the force here also," said Stone.

"All of them?" I asked.

"Yes; every man. There is no knowing what change may be necessary at the last moment."

Abundance of refreshments had been provided. Mr. Swallow dropped in just as Stone was leaving, and, after a moment's conversation, shook his hand heartily, in evident approval of all that had been done, and wished him good luck as he went out of the door.

All that had been done had gone on in the inner recesses of the lawyers' chambers, almost without showing in the daily routine of the office. Mr. Bronson sat at his desk, not only having nothing to do with the work, but absolutely ignorant, apparently, of what was going on. He left the office early in the evening, and I was surprised to see him come in again about midnight. He seemed to be under the influence of liquor, and with some asperity of manner invited me to drink with him. Fearing to arouse his anger, I did so, just after the last line had been copied, about two o'clock in the morning. From what cause I do not know, but soon after drinking with Mr. Bronson I fell asleep. When I awoke it was almost six o'clock. Mr. Bronson had kindly arranged all the folios, and had fastened them together with a very neat parchment cover. He was very deft at such things, and took great pride in binding up the work that went out of our office. He had arranged some machinery of his own devising for this purpose. Now and then some of the others tried to use it, but he was the only one who could make a neat job with it.

Sharp at six o'clock came Mr. Stone, looking as fresh and keen as if he had not been at work more than forty hours out of the past two days. There was a set look about his mouth and a hard, quick look in his eye that

alone showed the strain that had been on him. He had a small gripsack, carried an overcoat on his arm, and wore a wide-brimmed soft felt hat. I thought I had never seen him look so strong and brave, and for a moment I almost forgot that he was not exactly a gentleman. He seemed much pleased at the conclusion of the work, ran it through carefully for a few pages. Then he suddenly started, dropped the roll of papers from his hand, pulled out his watch, and exclaimed:

"I had forgotten that."

We were all surprised, and Mr. Bronson pressed forward, even more curious than the rest, and said with a strange earnestness, I thought, considering the fact that he had not been consulted in the matter at all:

"Can I be of any assistance to you, Mr. Stone?"
Stone had dropped into his seat, seized a pen and
was writing as if life and death depended on his speed.
He dashed off three or four lines, thrust it into an
envelope which he did not take time to seal, and direct-

ing it to Mr. Swallow, thrust it into Mr. Bronson's hand, and said:

"Yes, Bronson, you can. Take that to Mr. Swallow without a minute's delay. It is of vast importance that he should have it at once, and he may wish to give verbal instructions, or need some one he can rely upon to act for him."

I have seen that letter since. It read:

"Steamer for Aspinwall sails at ten. I have to go the other way. If you cannot take the trip, you had better give Bronson instructions and send him. It needs some one whom you can trust implicitly. We must have an amended conveyance from Muniez before the enemy get hold of him.

STONE."

Mr. Bronson seemed to hesitate, but a glance at the unsealed letter decided him, and he was inside his overcoat and out of the door almost before one could count ten. He had hardly been gone a second before Mr. Stone beckoned me to him and whispered:

"Go down and tell one of the policemen you will find at the door to stay upon the landing outside and not let any one leave these rooms without my permission, and allow no one to enter except Mr. Swallow and those he may bring. Ask the other one to come here."

I was very much surprised, but did as he directed, and when I returned with the policeman, I found Mr. Stone questioning one of the clerks as if he had been a culprit:

''You copied this affidavit, Mr. Johnson?' he asked, in a tone that showed suppressed excitement.

"Yes, sir," answered Johnson, almost insolently.

"And after you had copied it you gave the original

to whom?"
"To Mr. De Fontaine," was the reply.

"Before handing it to Mr. Fontaine you took a press copy of it, I'suppose?"

"No, sir; I had no such direction."

"You took an impression of it, I suppose, then, Mr. Fontaine?"

"No, indeed," I replied. "I was especially instructed to keep the originals and the verified copies separate, and to incorporate the former in the record you hold."

"You must at least have shown the original to some one else—some fellow-clerk, while you were engaged upon it?" he asked of the copyist.

Johnson shook his head.

"How, then," exclaimed Stone, tearing a sheet out of the record and shaking it in Johnson's face-"how,

then, do I find the original abstracted and a fac-simile of this affidavit substituted here ?"

-" stammered John-"I-I-didn't know. I-I-

son, with a face pale as ashes.

"Did you steal it, or assist another to steal it?" said Stone, in a voice that sent the chills through my veins as if I had been a thief myself. At the same time the policeman took a step or two toward Johnson, as if to have him in reach should it be necessary to take him into custody.

"Is it—do you mean—has—ah——" stammered

Johnson.

"Answer!" said Stone, and his eyes flashed fire. "Did you do it yourself, or assist another to do it ?"

"I_I_handed it to-to Mr. Bronson," said the terrified copvist.

"To Mr. Bronson, eh? For what purpose?"

"He is the chief clerk, sir."

"So that was the pretence under which he made you an accomplice in his crime?"

"Crime ?" said Johnson.

"Yes, crime," repeated Stone. "Every original has been stolen from these papers, and a copy substituted. Did the other clerks hand their work to Mr. Bron-

"Some of them did. You see, we thought he was being badly used, having important papers made out here without his knowledge, and he in a sense responsible, too, for the work of the office," said Johnson,

"In other words, you thought you were in Mr. Bronson's service instead of Gauge & Swallow's ?"

"Well, it does look so, though I am sure I never put it that way to myself," said Johnson, confusedly.

"Very well; you may take him into custody, offi-cer," said Mr. Stone, carelessly.

Johnson seemed thunderstruck.

"I have a wife and family," he began.
"All the more reason why you should have been an honest man," said Stone, with a face as hard as that of the Sphinx.

The policeman led Johnson across the room, and they stood together at one of the windows while I aroused and brought in the other clerks who had been engaged on the special work, one after the other. Each was confronted with his own simulated work, but each pleaded a lack of all knowledge of the chief clerk's intentions. An office-boy, who had slept in the building on the chance of being wanted to go of errands in the morning, remarked that Mr. Bronson had kept him running back and forth from an establishment that did work of the character known as photo-lithographic all the day before.

"Ah, I see," said Stone; "while pretending to scrutinize the work, he has had the originals photographed, and has left us the copies."

"But where are the originals?" I asked.

"That we will have to wait until Mr. Bronson comes to find out," he replied.

The clerks having told all they knew of the matter, were chatting in little groups about the room, the policeman having them in charge standing near the door. I was completely palsied with apprehension and amazement. That any one should presume to steal a paper from the office of Gauge & Swallow was to me a thing incredible of belief. Mr. Stone seemed to be the only unmoved man in the room. He sat quictly at his desk, looking through the fictitious record page by page, as coolly as if he had anticipated everything. It was half-past seven when Mr. Swallow entered the

room, and with him Mr. Bronson. The chief clerk's face was as pale as ashes. He glanced wildly about the room, as if to read in our frightened faces how much was known of his own breach of trust.

"Hello!" cried Mr. Swallow, glancing in consternation from the policeman to the clerks and addressing Stone, whom he probably saw was the only self-composed man in the room. "What does all this mean? A policeman on the landing, another in this room, and my clerks all looking as if they had plead guilty of grand larceny?"

"Mr. Fontaine will tell you all that need be told," said Stone, rising and waving his hand towards me, while he bowed Mr. Swallow very politely into his own seat. "In the meantime," he continued, "I must have a few words with Mr. Bronson. I will be back in a

moment.

He nodded to Bronson as he passed, and they went into one of the private offices which were at the back of the main room. They were absent a good while. I had never spoken a dozen words to Mr. Swallow at one time before in my life, and I knew so little of what had really occurred that I could give but a very imperfect account of it, and was quite unable to answer all of his excited questions. After a time, however, Mr. Stone came back, and Mr. Swallow turned his inquiries upon him, very greatly to my relief.

"What does all this mean?" asked Mr. Swallow excitedly, though he spoke with a self-control which I could not but admire, since it was evident that he had

no previous hint of what had taken place.

"Nothing that cannot easily be remedied," replied Stone, coolly, consulting his watch. "Come into Mr. Guage's room, if you please, and we will talk it over. You may as well come with us, Mr. Fontaine," he said to me politely enough, but carelessly.

"Now, what is it?" asked Mr. Swallow, as he sat down at Mr. Gauge's desk and looked anxiously up at

Stone

"Well," said Stone, quietly, "you know that in the matter I have in hand the utmost secrecy is neces-

"Certainly, as in everything else that is done about Mr. Swallow spoke somewhat pompthis office."

ously.

"Of course," assented Stone, "a lawyer who is not certain of the fidelity of his clerks is likely to be crippled at any moment in his most important case." Well, you haven't found any leaky vessels in our

office, I hope ?"

"That is just what I have found, Mr. Swallow," replied Stone.

"You don't say?" said Mr. Swallow, relapsing into

the vernacular of his boyhood.

"Yes," responded Stone, "I suspected it, before I began actual work in the New Aryan Silver Mine matter, and laid my plans to avoid its consequences, knowing that in that case we might lose our entire advantage by the disclosure of our claim before we had secured all the evidence required."

"Whom did you suspect?"

"Mr. Bronson."

"What-our chief clerk?"

" Yes."

"Why, he has been in our employ for fifteen years. What led you to suspect him ?"

"I recollected your surprise at the fact that your opponents were so thoroughly informed as to our plans in the case of Lipando vs. Orcutt !"

"That was very provoking-not to say unfortunate."

"You will remember that I prepared the papers in

"Yes, there was so much knowledge of Spanish law and Mexican grants required, that really I do not know how we should have got along without your help." Mr. Swallow spoke in a half-apologetic tone, which surprised me, considering the fact that he was speaking to a subordinate. Mr. Stone did not seem at all elated, but answered quietly:

"Oh, that was nothing; but I happened to know that no one except Mr. Bronson and myself had handled those papers, and a good part of the information which our opponents had at their finger-ends could only have been obtained from the papers or from one of us. I felt

tolerably sure of myself-"

"I should think so," interrupted Swallow, with a look of queer intelligence; "but you forget the steno-

- "Not at all," said Stone, with a queer smile; "though I would answer for the stenographer with my life."
- "So you always said," rejoined Swallow, a little incredulously, I thought.
- "Yes," said Stone, with a twinkle in his eye, "I was as sure of her trustworthiness as you were of your chief clerk, and with a great deal better reason."

"How so?" asked the partner.

"Because she is my wife," answered Stone.

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, jumping from his "You don't mean to tell me that - that seat. Mrs.

"Oh, yes," laughed Stone, interrupting him; "Mrs. Stone is a pretty fair stenographer, and understands Spanish, you know, very well."

Somehow there seemed a sort of significance in his tone that I have never been able to understand.

"Well," said Mr. Swallow, with curious good nature, "so you laid a trap for Bronson with the aid of the stenographer."

"Yes," answered Stone carelessly, "with the aid of .

the whole office."

" And caught him ?" "Yes, we caught him."

- "Giving information to the enemy?"
- "Worse than that."
- " How worse ?"
- "Falsifying the record."

" How so ?"

- "Do you see those affidavits?" Handing him the record.
 - " Yes."
 - "They purport to be originals?"

"Well, so they are .. "

"They are not copies-that is, they have not been copied by hand."

"Well, they are originals, then, are they not?"

" Hardly. They are fac-similes, made by what is

known as the photo-engraving process."

"The devil!" exclaimed Mr. Swallow. He did not often use such language, but you must admit that he had some excuse at that time. He examined the affidavits carefully, and could not deny what Mr. Stone had said. "How did he do it?"

"Well, it was a shrewd thing," said Stone, "You know the papers were each in his hand but a short time. He made arrangements with a firm in the next street to photograph the pages whenever sent to them, and furnish him the fac-simile proofs from gelatin blocks without delay. I only found it out this morning after Bronson went to summon you."

"Why, confound the scoundrel," said Swallow, "this is a crime! Where is the rascal. I will put him in the penitentiary. Call the policeman, Mr. Fontaine."

I started to do so, but Stone put his hand on my shoulder and said, quite in a voice of authority, you

know:

"I think Mr. Swallow, you had better consider this matter awhile."

"Consider!" ejaculated Swallow. "Do you mean that I should let this scoundrel off who has not only disgraced the office but has betrayed us and violated the law?

"Unquestionably," said Stone, "he has acted very badly. He, no doubt, expected to receive money for betraying your case, and causing your application to fail for lack of the original affidavits."

"Why, so it would," said Swallow. "I had not thought of that. What an infernal scoundrel he is!

Where is he?"

"Stone took out his watch "-it was always a matter of surprise to me how he could afford to wear so fine a one-and laughed quite gayly as he said: "Well, sir, he went down the bay on the Aspinwall steamer about half an hour ago."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Swallow. "You let him

get away ?"

"Well, you see," said Stone quietly, "I thought if we could get rid of him for six months or a year and punish him at the same time, it was better than to have him remain, even if we were able to send him to Sing Sing."

"I do not understand you, sir," said Swallow, somewhat haughtily. "Do you suppose I am going to let that scoundrel off without prosecuting him?"

"Certainly,"

"Then you will find yourself mistaken."

Mr. Swallow turned his back upon the clerk, who, I must confess, I thought had acted very unjustifiably, if not imprudently. Before he could reach the door, however, Stone was in front of him, with his back set square against it.

"Mr. Swallow," said he earnestly, "you have a very valuable practice."

"Indeed!" answered the partner, mockingly.

"Which is based," continued Stone, "on the confidence which the heaviest men of the country have in Gauge & Swallow."

" Well ?"

"How many of the men whose names are on those boxes, do you think, would send their business here if they knew there was a leak in this office ?"

"My God!" exclaimed our employer. He sat down all in a tremble. I thought he was going to faint, but when I begged him not to do so he only told me to go to a place I do not like to hear mentioned out of the

My God !" he repeated. "It is sure to get out, and it will ruin us-ruin us!" he repeated plaintively.

"Not at all," said Stone, as coolly as if nothing had happened. "Mr. Bronson will not get back for some time."

"But he has all the originals in the case, don't you see?" said Mr. Swallow.

"In that case, yes," said Stone, laughing; "but they will not do him any good nor us any harm."

" How's that ?"

"They were made on purpose for him to steal."

"I do not understand."

"Well," said Stone, "I was so sure of his treachery that, while I was doing the real work of the case elsewhere, I invented this one for his benefit, and kept the office hard at work on it in order that he should not

What? How? You made up this case?" said Swallow, picking up the record and glancing through

"Exactly; all except the record, which is public property already.

"And these affidavits and schedules, abstracts of title

and geneological trees ?"

"All fanciful, sir," said Stone, and he leaned against the door and laughed loud enough to have been heard in Broadway, if it had not been for the tide of traffic that was beginning to pour through the streets.

"All fanciful?" exclaimed Swallow in surprise. "Oh, yes! Made expressly for Bronson's use."

"And the real record in the case?"

"Oh, my wife and I got that ready a week ago. It was the one you signed last night."

"And this, then-is-absolutely fictitious?"

"Absolutely."

"By George, Par-I mean-er-Stone, you are a brick! Hanged if I ever try to balk you again. Who would have thought of working up a fictitious case in order to catch a traitor? But what makes you think he

will be gone so long ?"

"Well, you see, I found it convenient, in the exercise of a proper legal imagination, to create a certain fictitious personage, one Hernandez Muniez, whom Mr. Bronson supposes to be resident in a city of Guatemala. He will be certain to attempt to find out this man, and induce him to refuse to confirm a certain defective conveyance which he supposes the said Muniez to have made many years ago to our clients."

"And this man, Muniez?"

"Is a myth, sir."

"And Bronson, you think, will seek for him?"

"I merely let him know that his duplicity had been discovered, and intimated that he might find himself surveying the world through a grating. When I went out I told the policeman to let him pass, and follow him. He had evidently read the note I sent you. I expected he would. Twenty minutes after the policeman reported that he had boarded the Colon of the Pacific Mail Line. That was what I expected. Seeing a chance to obtain a very positive advantage, and get himself out of a scrape at the same time, he seized the idea with avidity, and is now, no doubt, just beginning to feel the qualms of remorse, enhanced by seasickness,"

The idea was so ludicrous that Mr. Swallow sat down and laughed until the tears came into his eyes. After a while he recovered his usual dignity, and said:

"Well, by Jove, you have done the thing well, especially that stenographer business. I shall have to give the little lady my congratulations in person."

"She will be glad to see you again," said Stone, as coolly as if his employer moved in the same sphere as himself and wife and was one of their familiar friends.

"Well, I shall come," responded Swallow, in the same tone, "But now about the clerks who played into Bronson's hands. They must be discharged, of

"I should not so advise," said Stone, carelessly.

"No! What then?"

"I should say it would be better to call them in;

tell them they had been guilty of an indiscretion that might easily have wrecked their prospects with you; that Mr. Bronson has gone to Central America on urgent business connected with the case; that Mr. Fontaine will have his place, at least until further arrangements; and, in conclusion, that the investigation that has just been made has demonstrated as fully as you knew it would the faithfulness of the clerks of Swallow & Gauge. Give those who worked all night a holiday, and tell them to resume their duties tomorrow."

"Perhaps you are right," said Swallow, medita-

tively; "and what shall I say about you?"

"Me?" asked Stone, smiling. "Oh, ask them to dine with me at Delmonico's to-morrow night -a farewell dinner before I leave for Colorado, you know."

"All right," said Swallow, laughing.

And sure enough he did. His speech to the clerks was equal to anything he ever did in court. I took Mr. Bronson's desk at once, and keep it yet.

What? The dinner? Oh, yes, we had it the next night-the very swellest thing I ever saw. Every one in the office had a plate, and everything went off in tiptop style. He was a strange man, that Stone, a very strange man. Somehow, I sometimes think he was a bigger man all round than we took him for.

What became of him? Really, I don't know. I have never seen nor heard of him since that night. timated that he was going into business for himselfsomewhere out West, I thought-and I supposed he would remember us, of course, when he had anything of importance requiring attention in the city. I looked for him to have such cases, too. He was a man to have confidence in. I don't think I have ever known a man I would sooner trust with an important case. He was a strong, cool-headed man, though not so cultured as one could have wished-a trifle Western-like and raw, if I may say so, in a social and worldly sense. I asked Mr. Swallow about him once, but I did not like the way he answered, and so never inquired further. What did he say? He asked me to repeat my question first, then gave one of those exasperating chuckles, and said he didn't know, he hadn't heard from Par-er Stone, he meant, for a long time nor from his pretty stenographer either. Then he chuckled again. I saw he was making game of me and made no reply.

Did they win the case? What case? Oh, the New Aryan Mine vs. Nobles. You mean did we win it— Gauge & Swallow? You haven't heard of our fee, then -\$100,000 all in solid silver bars? Yes, I think we won it. They remembered the chief clerk, too. There is what the company sent me. One of Jurgenson's best chronometer movements, in a hundred-dollar case! Handsome, wasn't it? Especially when I really had nothing to do with the case. Though, of course, they couldn't know that! I wonder what Stone got. They ought to have given him enough to set him up in a good practice, for he really did all the work. Has Bronson ever returned? Yes, and queer enough, is some sort of an agent for the New Aryan folks-out at the mine, I What is the name of the President of the New Aryan Company? Parmlee-E. S. Parmlee. What did you say? Eber Stone Parmlee? What an ass I have been! And that scoundrel Bronson has beat me

after all!

THE MASTERSINGERS OF NUREMBURG.

As the general public grows more familiar with the works of Richard Wagner it becomes very interesting to know more about the historical facts and legends upon which they are founded. The "Meistersinger von Nürnberg" in particular takes us back to those times when science and art were cultivated by a relatively small proportion of people. In those days poetry and music were kept in close connection not only in Germany but also in other European countries; in the course of time, however, by the very means which were employed to do so, both arts ran into meaningless formality until a refreshing breeze again stirred into a new life the possibilities of German, culture and the fairest fruits were borne in the epic as well as the lyric

form of poetry.

As early as the eighth century a large number of musical comedians appeared in France, Italy, Germany and England. They led a wandering life, and sang and played for hire in open places. They were called jongleurs or jugglers, and it was necessary for them to be proficient in many ways. Besides musical talent they had to know how to dance the tight-rope, jump through hoops, jest, etc. As a matter of course this wandering people were rather a despised class, debarred from all civil rights and honors, excommunicated from the church, and affording entertainment to only a lower order of society. In the fourteenth century, however, they gave up their nomadic life, and, settling down in cities, sought the protection of the magistrates and became citizens. To avoid disagreements they organized themselves into brotherhoods, which were divided according to the different territories and governed by a nominated chief called "The King of the Fiddlers." This latter feature survived up to a late period in many provinces of Germany, even under widely different social relations. Some counties supported a chief musician or town musician, to whom all other musicians were made subject, as they had to pass an examination before him and pay a license-fee before they could follow their profession. It is hardly twenty-five years since the professional musician in Germany was released from these stringent laws. In certain towns at the present time, towns of not more than 5,000 inhabitants, they keep up the custom of installing a "Stadt-Musiker" at the expense of the public treasury, for the sake of possessing a well-drilled band or orchestra. I have mentioned these wandering jongleurs because they held a certain relation in their capacity of executants to the real "Troubadours" or court-minstrels. Troubadours prided themselves upon their originality of composition, composing or improvising an air for their poems, but for the most part they did not make their art a profession, while the jongleurs did. Thus it often happened that a Troubadour who could not play or sing hired the jongleur to execute his songs. This conjunction of Troubadour and jongleur produced the good result of making the poems of the former known to a larger circle, and they took a medium place be-tween a high style of poetry and folk-songs. But our attention is chiefly attracted by those minstrels whose poetical productions have come down to us by written documents that are traced back to the eighth century. These lyric poets were called "Minnesänger" (minstrels of love), because their poems always glorified woman's virtue and love. This sprang, no doubt, from the traditions of the ecclesiastics, whose cult had

ever been adoration of the Virgin Mary. The German minstrels often chose social and political subjects, while the French, more hindered by their religious feeling, devoted their talent exclusively to the worship of womanhood. This praise of woman was also a common theme among the German singers, even before the dogma in relation to the veneration of the Holy Virgin was made known. The origin of their love-songs may be traced to the myths of the gods, and even in the middle ages we find the adoration of Freia or Hulda as the Goddess of Spring, Beauty and Love. The subjects upon which the minstrels expended their fancy were confined within narrow limits, the beauty of nature, and the seasons with their wonderful change of scenery forming the background for their poetic sentiments. They lavished the richest language in praise of the gay spring and her charming realms, for beautiful woman 'die schöne Frau ") herself is the noblest blossom, the true rose of the garden of budding flowers. The spring waits for her and its sublime perfection is reached only

through woman's love.

As to the form of this poetry, it was taught after certain rules which grew in number and meaning in proportion to the perfection of the language. These rules were strictly followed by the masters, who taught them in turn to the younger classes, instructing them orally. It must be remembered that many of these minstrels were of noble birth, who exercised their skill through love of their art, and only for the sake of honor, before princes and kings. They felt obliged to make themselves masters of their art, because there were also present at these court assemblies professional minstrels, whose criticism stimulated the talent of the knights to the highest point of culture. In the celebrated contest of singers on the "Wartburg," in the time of Landgrave Herman von Thüringen, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, only mastersingers took part. Wagner, in his "Tannhäuser," has introduced the challenge of the singing poets very appropriately. That period marks the height in the art of minstrel-singing. At the end of the thirteenth century loud complaints from the knightly poets began to be heard of the increasing indifference in court circles, where the deterioration of manners and customs and the vulgarity of taste destroyed the influence of their musical contests. But minstrel-singing had then outlived itself-mere formality outweighed object and meaning. The spiritual power was dying away, and could not be replaced by scholarly and dogmatic work. Moreover, the influence of this beautiful art was limited, because it reached only a small number of people. Nevertheless, the epic branch of poetry did flourish at this time, and we possess one of the most remarkable monuments in the 'Nibelungen Songs," which were collected by Kuerenberg, an Austrian poet, between 1220 and 1240. The decline of minstrel-singing went steadily on; in the fourteenth century we find the poets had retired to silence, their domains, the palaces of the princes, were closed to them, and in the very halls where once the deepest emotions of the heart were stirred by the pure and simple rhymes of these singers, courtly ears listened to the coarse witticisms of common jesters. The Minnesänger were thus compelled to address themselves to the humbler class of citizens, among whom they found such hearty encouragement that new life was infused into their songs, and in this way the "singing-schools" of the fifteenth century were established which afterward became so famous. This was the beginning of the real "master-singing" in Germany. It was practiced by the citizens and their guilds, governed by strict laws and rules; thus upon the decadence of the Troubadours arose the art of mastersinging, which reached the climax of perfection in the sixteenth century. About this time a great change occurred in the social and political life of Germany., While the dignity and authority of the German Emperor declined in a most pitiable manner, we see on the other side the uprising and flourishing of that independent spirit of citizenship which took possession of the intellectual life of the age. Already in the beginning of the fourteenth century these independent cities (freie Reichsstädte) became powerful protectors and patrons of architecture and sculpture, and now the sister-arts, poetry and music,

took refuge within their walls, The origin, the growth, and the aim of the singingschools, their organization and their works may be recounted in a few words. There is a legend that in the time of Emperor Otto I. and Pope Leo VIII. twelve men were elected "by the grace of God," who, not knowing of each other, began to compose and to sing songs, and thus was created the order of "Meistersinger" in Germany. These men were at the start accused of heresy. They were summoned before the Clerical University at Pavia to defend themselves, but it was soon discovered that they were not conspirators. On the contrary they were encouraged to continue their sublime work, and to "spread their art to the honor of Thus the legend; but the names of these twelve masters and their lifetimes do not correspond with the historical dates of those other two august personages. For instance, Walther von der Vogelweide is mentioned as one of these masters, but he lived in the beginning of the thirteenth century. All the guilds, however, kept to this legend of the original twelve masters as their symbol. The city of Mayence is mentioned as the first meeting place of the guild, and the legend further tells us that Otto the Great bestowed upon the guild of this city particular privileges, and gave them a golden crown. These emblems were adopted by all the other guilds. In the course of time the singing-schools spread over all Germany. We find them in Augsburg, Worms, Strassburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Würzburg and Prague. The school in Nürnberg flourished in the fifteenth century, and later the guilds had reached as far as Freiburg, Colmar, Regensburg, Munich, Breslau, Danzig and Basle. They then had regular meetings with the aim of cultivating poetry and singing, seeking information and wisdom in regard to worldly and heavenly things (as the masters said, "striving to please God and the world"). They looked for no worldly profit, however. The societies were composed of workingmen principally, and, after the labor of the day was ended, they gathered together and felt happy if they could sing and compose for the sake of learning themselves and encouraging the talents of each other by emulative contests. If not in their place of meeting, they practiced their art at home, and in the restful hours of evening taught their apprentices, so that the masters' noble acquirements might not die with them. The subjects of their poems were taken mainly from Scripture, and at their regular meeting none other could be chosen. King David himself was taken for an example, and on one of the emblems in the school at Nürnberg King David was represented as playing the harp while kneeling before the crucified Saviour. As the mastersingers directed their talents in

composing almost exclusively toward religious matters, the secrets of the Trinity, Christ's sacrifice and the inheritance of sin, it was not surprising that such uniformity of thought deadened the originality and spirituality of their efforts, and that gradually every feeling for beauty and strength of rhythm for euphony and purity of rhyme was lost. Truly enough, the Reformation started a refreshing influence upon the art of mastersinging, but this effect soon passed away, for the rules of the guilds forbade all attempts at the introduction of anything new. In contrast to the mastersongs appeared now the folksongs, with their spirit and form of poetry and music. The mastersingers looked with jealousy upon these productions, because they were popular with the people, and considered them trivial and unworthy of consideration, although some of the best and brightest of the folk songs were written at that time, but the days of the mastersingers even then began to be numbered.

The organization of the schools, particularly the one at Nürnberg, from which Wagner took the model for his music-drama, was as follows: The business part was regulated by the "Order of the School," the artistic part by the "Tabulatura." According to the "Order of the School," the committee of the society was formed by: 1, the "Markers," usually four in number; 2, the "Crown-master," who kept the emblems of the guild; 3, the "Treasurers," two in number; 4, the "Keymaster," or Secretary. The most interesting members of the committee were the "Markers," who, in fact, represented the whole system of the mastersingers' method of schooling. Their duty was to note the mistakes which a singer made, and to give the decree as to the singer's ability. At Nürnberg the meetings and exercises took place on Sunday afternoons, in the Church of Saint Katherine. There was a platform put up, upon which stood a table with a large blackboard, at which one of the markers took his place. The platform was hidden by drapery hanging around it, so that the marker and what he noted upon the board could not be seen. A small chair, called the "singer's chair," and resembling a pulpit, served as a seat to the one who sang a mastersong. There were different kinds of singing. The exercises generally began with "free-singing," when any one, even a stranger, was allowed to sing on any subject; the "marker" was then not on duty. Then followed the "chief-singing," on sacred subjects, the singer announcing the book and chapter of the Bible upon which he composed his song. When the singer had seated himself in the "singer's chair," he dared not rise, even if greatly affected by his own fervor. This was one of the greatest mistakes, and was at once noticed by the marker. At the end of the meeting, where several singers concerted, the markers held council as to the standard of the candidates, after which the two best singers were admitted for decoration. The "oversinger," or the first-best singer, was decorated by the "Crown-master" with a silver chain, to which a golden medallion was attached; the next best singer was allowed to wear a wreath of silk flowers. Any one who wanted to learn the art of singing could apply for instruction by a master, and no compensation was asked. When such a novice had had several trials in the school he could apply for the title "free," with the rank of master. So much for the rules of the school which governed the business part of the guild.

In regard to the artistic side, the rules were contained in the "Tabulatura." According to this code a whole mastersong was called a "stave;" the divisions of the stave were named "parts." A part was divided into two, "stanzas" and an "aftersong." The stanzas were equal in meter, rhyme and melody, the aftersong differed in melody and meter. This construction corresponds with the sonnet, in which the two evenly arranged quatrains take the place of the stanzas, and the two terzines are the same as the aftersong. An abundance of rules and laws with strange terms were contained in the Tabulatura; the rhymes were divided into "dull" and "sounding," "orphans," "grains," "rests," etc. The chapter of "errors" and the fines which were imposed upon those who fell into them showed how many traps the singers had to avoid. The Nürnberg Tabulatura contained thirty-three errors, named in the most peculiar manner; for instance, "blind meaning" (incorrectness of language), "moths" (if at the end of a verse a syllable was missing). We must bear in mind that the mastersingers had to sing their poems from memory, not to recite them; consequently the words and the musical setting were closely

When a master had composed a new tune, it was examined carefully and the name of the inventor secured in the documents. It was customary to baptize the tunes, and a long list of names shows some poetical titles for them; for instance, the "Blooming Air" of Heinrich Frauenlob, the "Fresh Tune" of Hagens, the "Short Love Tune" and the "Golden Air" of Wolfram, the "Linden Tune" of Treibolt. Peculiar and comical names were given to the different rhymes; for example, the "Short Monkey Rhyme" of George Hagen, the "Striped Saffron-Flower Rhyme" of Hans Friedeisen, the "Black-Ink Rhyme," the "Cupid's-Bow Rhyme," the "Hilarious-Student Rhyme," the "Old-Fashioned Gormandizer Rhyme," the "Fat-Badger Rhyme," etc. If we review all these formalities and exterior observances with which the good masters and their pupils had to contend for the sake of being worthy members of the guild, and if we consider the results of all these struggles, we must confess that the value of their work is somewhat problematical. As an inevitable result, the poetical spirit became morbid, and very little more than the shadow of the form was left. Nevertheless the influence of the guilds over all Germany was noteworthy, because they watched over the purity and sincerity of the public morals. In many cities the singing-schools were mighty strongholds for the friends of the Reformation, principally in Nürnberg, Strassburg and Augsburg. Those among the mastersingers who were gifted with higher intelligence and talent recognized the fact that the purism of the schools was exerting a pernicious influence upon the true poetic instinct, and began to make use of their skill and wisdom outside of the guilds. One of those exceptionally gifted masters was Hans Sachs, a shoemaker, who wrote many dramatic poems, among them a dramatic setting of the Nibelungen songs. The name of Hans Sachs appears as the reformer of mastersong in Nürnberg; he represents the progress of art, and is the support of the younger poets who wish to escape from the narrow strictures of the schools. This was the view which Wagner took of Hans Sachs when he wrote his dramatic work, "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg."

When Wagner was writing his "Tannhäuser," the idea occurred to him that an excellent companion work for it would be to represent the mastersingers in Nuremberg, in contrast to the love-minstrels' singing upon the Wartburg. Wagner carried out this idea, and created a comic opera—something which no one would have expected of him. It is one of Wagner's highest merits that all his works are full of deep earn-

estness. The German people recognize in them their own development, their own life and strife, and it is not strange that the people love his creations, and stand by them. "Die Meistersinger" is not an opera in which the humor concentrates in the turn of the language, or appears in single comical effects. The humor is an integral part of the whole organic construction of the play. It is well known that no German author has ever succeeded in elevating the comedy to a national fame, as, for instance, did the Spanish authors. Of all the productions in this direction not one rises above the every-day commonplaces of wit and humor. We miss the true inspiration of real comedy, which, in spite of all change of men and their time, will make its own way and hold its own forever. After reading the "Meistersingers of Nürnberg," we feel not only interested but exalted as we can only be after having experienced the effect of an artistic work of the highest order. Besides profoundness of feeling, Wagner's poetry shows great strength in realistic description; the characters are true to life, and act and move with impressive vitality. The crowning point of the work is one which we might compare to the endless warfare between Church and State. The hero is the representative of the power and right of the New to create something better than the stultifying tradition of the Old. Such contests will arise as long as historical development is not extinguished. Wagner himself is a type of that struggle to fight down the bigotry of old pedantic rules with the weapon of progress and new ideas.

Wagner's opera is planned according to the old constitution of the guild, that is of the twelve masters who represent the working part of the guild, and in contrast to them is Walter von Stolzing, a young knight who stands as the representative of progress. wishes to become a member of the guild, and is to sing for trial before the assembly of the masters. Pogner, a highly esteemed citizen, and one of the masters, acts as his patron. Pogner has announced that, at the coming public prize-singing on the day of the Festival of St. John, he will bestow his daughter Eva upon the one who wins the prize, provided that the successful one is accepted by her. The young knight sings at a preliminary meeting and provokes the anger of the masters, among whom Beckmesser, who is a widower, and who also wishes to marry Eva, acts as marker. In spite of the remonstrances of Hans Sachs, who considers it only right to let Walter finish his song, the masters give their verdict that Von Stolzing has lost his chance of becoming a member of the guild. Here the first act ends. The second act takes place in the street, on one corner of which Pogner lives and opposite lives Hans Walter's failure is a great disappointment to himself and Eva, for they love each other. They are discouraged by the treatment which Walter has received, and decide not to depend upon his prize-song. Eva wishes to escape from Beckmesser, and as the young couple are planning an elopement in Pogner's garden they are overheard by Hans Sachs. He determines to interfere with their purpose. In the meantime Beckmesser appears in the street striking his lute and prepares to serenade Eva. Sachs hastens to put his work-table and chair out in the street, it being a warm summer evening, and begins to hammer away. Beckmesser recognizes his fatal position, and he concludes a bargain with Sachs, which allows the latter to mark with the hammer the mistakes and errors which Beckmesser may make while singing. He begins his serenade, which is very absurd in rhyme and rhythm.

Sachs finds much fault, and Beckmesser is terribly annoyed and put out by the interrupting hammer strokes. At last the quarrel between the two grows so loud and noisy that the neighborhood is awaked. Men and boys run into the street and become involved in the quarrel, women scold out of the windows and throw water on the crowd to disperse them. This general excitement seems to afford a favorable time to the lovers for an elopement, and they are about to rush through the crowd when Sachs seizes Walter and pushes him into his house, while Pogner leads Eva home. The people disappear, and all is now quiet; the night watchman comes along the street and sings his song; the moon is shining brightly; he sees that the pavement is wet, but there are no clouds above; he goes on his way and the

curtain drops.

The third act takes place on the day of the Festival of St. John, which, as was the custom, the mastersingers celebrated by public prize-singing in the open air. The place where the festivities took place is called to this day "Aller Weisen" (the meadow for all). Walter von Stolzing awakes in the house of Sachs, and entering the master's room he tells him, or rather sings for him, his dreams of the night. The song pleases Sachs so much that he advises the young knight to choose it for his prize-song. Sachs writes down the poem on a slip of paper, giving Walter directions how to arrange the form of his song while he proceeds from one verse to another. They then go out of the room to prepare themselves for the afternoon festival, Sachs leaving the poem lying upon the table. They hardly have left the room when Beckmesser enters to ask Sachs to give him one of his poems to use as his own prize-song. Poor Beckmesser was badly dealt with in the preceding night's disturbance; his bones ache and he is quite lame. But suddenly he notices the paper with the poem written on it, and thinking that Sachs is the author of it, and that Sachs too intends to compete for the young maid Eva, he grasps the paper and puts it in his pocket. At this very instant Sachs enters the room. Beckmesser confesses that he has taken the poem, and asks permission to commit it to memory. Sachs declines the honor of the authorship, but mischievously suggests to Beckmesser to practice the song and sing it in the afternoon. Happy over the acquisition of one of (as he still believes) Sach's poems, Beckmesser hastens away. The time for the assembly draws near, the houses are adorned in festal array, the people in appropriate attire assemble at the festival square and welcome and hail the masters and the competitors. After all the preliminaries are completed, Beckmesser stands up and sings his prize-song, but he is nervous, his memory fails, he becomes more and more confused, and at last sings in so nonsensical a manner that he is heartily laughed at. Hopelessly he breaks off and accuses Sachs of the incoherent stuff.

Sachs then calls for the real author of the poem. Walter appears on the stand and sings his prize-song, to the delight of the people, who warmly applaud him at the end of it. The masters are moved by the beauty of Walter's singing, and he receives the decoration from Sach's hands. Father Pogner draws near with Eva, and fulfills his promise by giving his daughter's hand to her lover, amid the cheers of the populace. After this satisfactory close of the prize-singing, Sachs addresses the people, and praising the German masters, enjoins the assembly to adhere to the love of art and to practice it as the mastersingers do. A mighty chorus is now heard, in which the multitude join and sing the song of praise to the masters, and the work thus is brought to a close.

How, then, does the music compare with the immense poetical material? It must be conceded that in none of his works has Wagner proved his power of composition in a more brilliant degree than in the "Meistersinger." The historical subject of the mastersingers fixes a certain limit to the expression of musical sentiment, because the characters of those olden times demand an appropriate style. This style appears in the music as a polyphonic setting of the score throughout the whole work. As the honest old mastersingers came to their school measuring and censuring according to the rules, so may the musician of our day judge Wagner according to the rules of all the old schools in the world, and he will find that the great master knew how to write by the rules of counterpoint, in spite of the innovation in style and effect. The polyphonic form represents, in the first place, the character of the guild, and it is a mirror of the localities where a busy life was flourishing; where love for art, uprightness, and truthfulness were at home and beloved. Although we notice that pedantry, and ceremonious forms, and old-fashioned methods of life and art are abundant, Wagner uses them as a background for the musical setting, which varies most charmingly between serious incidents and

We can readily understand what an immense field for musical composition, both grand and simple, Wagner found in this work, if we review the different characters involved in the play, the variety of situations which follow one another in logical mood, and have another motive than the conventional, meaningless one which belongs, in a greater or lesser degree, to other mere operas. When we consider the astonishing realistic coloring in orchestral effects, either for humorous or earnest episodes on the one hand, and the warmth and intensity of individual feeling on the other hand, then we are not surprised that the "Meistersinger von Nürnberg" was at first cordially received, and is now beloved, by the people. And Wagner is understood, and his memory is now cherished by the people for whom he wrote his works.

GOTTLIEB FEDERLEIN.

MENDELSSOHN'S "REGRET."

A WAILING wind that sobs beside a grave,

There watch Love's eyes, their brightness ever dimmed,
There cling Love's hands, whose touch was vain to save—
A new-made mound, with Spring's pale grasses rimmed.
A cry that rings across the gulf of death:

"Come back! Come back! Love's task unfinished lies!

His words were all too few, sweet vanished breath!

His looks too seldom beamed, fair vanished eyes!"

"Unfinished." Ah, the hopeless word that weighs Unlifting ever on the stricken heart!

"Too late"—the burden of our desolate days!
Sad, final notes—the Master's matchless art.

HELEN T. CLARK.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HER?

BY B. J. McCLURE.

When I married I had an earnest conviction that earth held no mission for woman quite so heavenly as that of being the mother of daughters.

I, the oldest of seven sisters, appeared to have spent my whole life in helping mother in every possible way in her care "of the girls"—hemming and ironing ruffles, tying sashes, brushing curls, trimming pretty hats, making dainty sun-bonnets and aprons, dressing dollies, making play-houses, and helping to educate the youngsters in all the ways that model children of the feminine gender are supposed to need training. Ah, the sweet, romping, yet gentle, dainty six! At this distant day I look back at those easily governed darlings with

When I left my happy childhood home for the new, untried West, all my ideal pictures of domestic happiness embraced the "rosebud garden—garden of girls"

ness embraced the "rosebud garden—garden of girls."

Before the new farm was fairly opened; before the wonderful prairies had lost their newness and fascination, a little bundle, well flanneled, was brought to my bed one morning.

"A fine boy, ma'am, a noble little fellow," said the nurse.

"Dear, dear—a boy," thought I. "What in the world shall I ever do with the creature?" And I had an indistinct idea that he would have to be wrapped up in his father's old coat until some trowsers and boots could be prepared for him. I pulled away the blankets and looked him over. The large joints and undue proportion of bone reminded me of a remark I once heard a stock man make when looking at an awkward young coit:

"He'll be a very strong horse when he gets his growth. Just look at his joints!"

Otherwise, to my surprise, he looked very much asmother's little girls used to look, and nurse had one of my little girl's (that was to be) dresses on him. I touched his little hand with one finger, and it closed tightly on it. He opened great dark eyes and looked at me, and it seemed as if he was going to say, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Of course, I drew the precious gift to my bosom with a rush of tenderness that never again failed.

I defy any woman to take the entire charge of an infant in its early years and not love it. The darling will win its own way to the most obdurate heart.

The new breaking had mellowed down to smooth cultivation; two nice crops had been safely garnered into rail-pens lined with straw when "another boy" greeted my expectant ear. I knew what to do with this one. He was to wear his brother's out-grown clothing, play with his broken toys, watch all his motions, catch all his bad habits, and tag along close behind at every step. "Another boy" and "another boy," kept greeting our waiting ears as the years passed on, until the little house was filled with boys, and boots, and jackets.

John, the father, who was a somewhat stoopshouldered man when we were married, began to walk with head very erect, as became a pillar of the family, and to say "my boys" in a very impressive manner. And those boys. Is it not written how they hacked at the trees with the axes, hammered with the hammers, sawed with the saws, filed with the files, bored with

the augurs, waded the slews, swam the lakes, called to each other from the tops of the tallest trees, and kept such a whoop-la echoing over these prairies that Nature, who is said to abhor a vacuum, never had reason to regret the departure of the Sioux braves. These boys filled the place perfectly.

But was the mother satisfied? As she cooked and scrubbed and made and mended, what had she to show for all the years of hard labor? Not much, I fear, unless she bid her boys get upon the scales and give the figures in avoirdupois. She had tried to train them to gentleness, but were they gentle? She had tried to train them to tidiness, but were they neat? She thought of the lovely "six" who occupied her time in earlier years, and could not answer to her satisfaction. Sometimes four of them would be in the stable at work before breakfast; and how the straw and litter would fly from their four-tined stable forks. They would rush in at the call to breakfast with soiled straw hanging to their caps, their ears, their collars; their boots reeking with unrectified ammonia, but their faces rosy and happy. I believe the hardest thing to learn which came to me in those days was the uselessness of the Saturday evening bath, to prepare a boy for going to Sundayschool next day. I learned that with boys upon a farm, "you can't calculate with any degree of certainty upon what is going to happen." Perhaps just as you think they are all ready, shoes blackened and neckties on, the calves break out of their pen. Of course they must not be allowed to go to the cows, but away they run in all directions, through wet grass and over muddy roads, a small regiment of boys after them. Over hedges and ditches for an hour or two until all are completely wearied out, then it is too late for church, and it will take all next week to repair the damages to the clothing. Sometimes it is a sudden

Well, all this I have learned, and tried to laugh when the rest laughed, and wipe their tears when they flowed. But sometimes their lessons went far ahead of mine. I remember a fright they gave me one day when they thought to give me pleasure. They wished me to go down to the lake to see how well they could swim. They dared me to get down there by the time they were in the water. I started down to get there at the right time to find them all in the lake, but could see nothing of them. Away out toward the middle of the lake, which is nearly half a mile wide, were a lot of black things bobbing around, that looked as though they might be a school of muskrats that had been frightened away from shore. What was my surprise when they began to shout to me, and I learned that the black bunches were the heads of my boys. I just screamed and ran home as fast as I could, sure that every rat of them—boy of them I mean—would drown. It is a queer feeling that tugs at a woman's heart when she first begins to feel that the little ones she has so long protected are drifting out beyond her.

prairie-fire sweeping in, sometimes a sick animal, or a

cast one, or a sudden change in the weather, necessi-

tating an entire change in the chorus.

Well, here were boys to plow and boys to plant, boys to sow and boys to reap, and boys left in the house to tease for mother's shoe-strings to play horse, when one December morning, the thermometer twenty-eight degrees below zero, a paper and envelope were brought to me. I took a pencil and feebly wrote, to dear friends in the East:

"It's a girl !-it's a girl ! !-it's a girl !! !-and it is mine."

If there was an inner "holy of holies" in my heart that my boys had never reached I did not know it. But this dainty blossom, with her blue eyes and golden curls, was an expression most exquisite. Her brothers eyed her from a distance, in fact, "passed by on the other side." They seemed to fear that if they touched her she would bite or break, which, was uncertain. This only at first. A dear friend in the East, the wife of a minister of an important city church, hearing of the fruition of my long deferred hopes, sent to my little one a large package by express. Oh, the dainty garments! Everything a little lady could possibly require for outside adornment. That dear, thoughtful friend very well knew that the long reign of boots and brown ducks had nearly unfitted my once skillful fingers for the needlework that I should require for my darling. With a strong sense of grateful love that lady's name became my baby's, and we began, with one accord, to call her Patty. What a dear, good baby, was the little Patty. If she could only see something moving she would never make the least trouble. I first noticed that she felt a peculiar interest in things that had some "go" in them one day when she was about three months old. Her crib happened to be under the line where I was hanging the ironing. As fast as I finished a garment and hung it, smoothly folded, on the line, it set all the others a-swinging; the motion caught the baby's eye and kept her quiet until the large ironing was finished. After that I noticed, if everything was still, she grew uneasy. But the flash and sparkle of the fire, the rising of steam, the bubbling of a boiling kettle, the motions of one's hands at work, and, as she grew older, the waving of things out of the window in the wind, would be all the entertainment that she needed.

What an affectionate little thing she proved to be. Her brothers had a great fashion of kissing her hands. Her lovely face, framed by the most wonderful curls that ever crowned a young baby's head, attracted great attention from strangers. But they were always greatly amused when, on trying to kiss her, she proudly drew her little head back and offered her hands for the salute. Ah, but that first summer was a heavenly one, and the angels ministered unto us.

The second summer she began to develop those qualities which have puzzled us so much. In June her father brought home a litter of pigs, with their mother, of some choice breed. Wishing to give his prize stock every chance of perfect development, he gave her the freedom of the yards for a time. She was so well fed that she was very quiet, doing no mischief, but mostly lying around the grassy places with her tiny offspring free to roam at will. Wherever went the little black pigs there also went the little white Patty. They were very shy of her at first, scampering away when she came too near; but her persistency soon conquered them, and in less than three days I found her sitting down beside the mother-pig, with the little ones in her lap and around her at play—the expression on her face perfectly beatific. One sunny day she had followed them until completely tired out, and I found her almost asleep, her sweet head lying upon the broad side of the great black porker. The little ones were trying to root her out of their way, as her position seriously interfered with their hungry intentions. Before her black friends were

imprisoned, there were two calves tied in the yard where she could get to them. They, too, were afraid of her at first, but she soon conquered them, not, however, until she had been run over by them, wound up in their ropes, and stepped on several times. She soon came to spend all her waking hours with the calves, She learned by watching us feed them how that thing was done, and she would carry them everything she could reach, if not constantly watched. "Feed calfy" were the first connected words she ever used. When I first knew that the Giver of all good had blessed me with this girl, I shook my index finger before John's eyes and declared that here was one child who would not clean out stables. He gave a superior smile, and replied not. But one morning in early fall, before she was three years old, I had my answer. He called me to the window and pointed toward the stables. Tom was throwing out the litter, and Dick was tossing it There was Patty, with a broken-handled into a pile. stable-fork, helping with all her little might. She could get but little on to her clumsy fork, and it would not stay there until she reached the dumping-place, but when it fell off, she patiently laid down her fork, went and picked up the load with her hands and placed it on the fork again, and perhaps would have one straw clinging to the fork-tines to throw off when she reached the pile.

"Mother," called Harry one warm day, prancing past the window with baby on his shoulder, "don't worry about Pat, she is going with us; we'll see to her." "Mamma, Patty goin' f'wimmin'," came back in sweet baby tones. I did not quite approve of the baby taking swimming-lessons quite so young, so, as soon as I could leave my baking, I went to look after her. The beach where the bathers first take to the water has a very gentle slope, the water not being over four inches deep, a rod from shore. There I found my darling, stripped to her waist and drawers, running and splashing the water, and out again on to the dry, silvery sands to catch her breath.

"See Patty f'wim," said she, rushing out into the lake up nearly to her knees, then throwing herself down upon her hands and feet, began to creep toward shore. Quite a time I had coaxing her ladyship to come ashore, where I had dry towels and dry clothing waiting for her; but, upon the promise that she could help mamma make cookies, she condescended to come home with me.

And so her baby life passed on. The long winters were a terrible trial to her. Not a day was so severe but she visited her outdoor pets, and if she found the snow blowing on them or their beds uncomfortable, woe unto the family until their wrongs were righted.

The summer that she was four years old she began to reign right royally. It was, "Us boys are going over east with the sheep. There are the loveliest flowers there, mamma, for you, and the sweetest grass for the sheep and the dear little lambs." Or it was, "Us boys are all going to the outlet, fishing. Tom says the fish just jump out of the water themselves there, they are so thick."

How or when the child learned to read, I am sure I cannot tell. She never stopped to take a lesson. She began with the red letters on the box of the new wagon, the letters and words on the farm machinery. Then I heard her spelling out the words on the outside of the paper flour-sacks, as she climbed on to the load that papa had just brought from town. The summer she was five she vexed the boys to death nearly, by insisting upon milking. From the time the cattle were yarded at even-

ing until they were turned toward the pastures next morning that child spent her waking hours in the yard with her little pail, stripping first one cow and then another. She was kicked heels over head twice, but that did not alter her dangerous practice in the least. There was one gentle old cow that we wished to beef in the fall, and did not care how soon she went dry. So Patty was told that if she would only milk old Lady White-foot, she could milk her all herself, no one else should touch her. Thus we compromised matters, and still left a channel open for "natural development." We thought, of course, the child would get the cow dried up in a few days, but we soon had to furnish her a larger pail to milk in, and when winter set in she had petted up the old cow, and fed her extra, until she gave more milk than any cow on the farm.

Meantime, where were those principles slumbering that were inherited from the most precise and ladylike of grandmothers?—principles in regard to training young girls to indoor pursuits; training them from the cradle to be housekeepers; principles about the refining influences of needlework—principles which are certainly correct, but where, in this case, has there been a chance for application? She has had dolls without number, but her manner of treating them corresponds exactly with that speech of the little girl who said: "'Oo is bootiful, dolly, vewy bootiful, but 'oo ain't dot

no brains. "

She never showed interest enough in them to give them names. But every living thing around the place had its pet name. She could pick up a dozen chickens any day to play with, but if we wished one to cook she was afraid it would make her head or her side ache if she had to run it down. She had a private burying-ground where she buried all the chickens' heads and all the relics of her pets that she could get after their demise.

Her china tea-sets are given to the little baby chicks and kittens to eat out of. She loses her thimbles and other work-basket appointments, and ties the basket itself up into a tree-top, full of hair and other materiatio help build birds' nests. Insist upon her hemming a towel and she will sit down with a great amount of spread-eagle and sew very neatly for five minutes, and then put her work on the dog for a horse-blanket. She will take off her silk sash for a bow for the neck of a calf or sheep. She will harness herself into the little cart or sled with her long apron-strings and play horse with enthusiasm. She has no thought to beautify herself, but, seeing some prints of fine horses with their manes done up into tassels, she stole into the barn and fixed up all four horses fit to prance around a circusring.

Her first day at school was better than a circus to her brothers and the other pupils, I suspect. Out of compassion to the teacher, I only sent her half of each day for her first few terms. She had the same effect in the schoolroom that a pole would have in a hornet's nestwith her mimicry of the girls, making faces at the boys and caricaturing the teacher. She would prevent the others getting their lessons, yet have her own perfectly. There was nothing sneaking about her mischief, and she was sure to be caught in it. One trick was not especially praiseworthy. Her brother was learning a piece for declamation, entitled "The Boy's Ambition." She wished very much to learn it, but we told her it was too hard a piece for her. I wished her to learn Longfellow's "Little Girl Who Had a Little Curl." She sneered at "that baby thing," as she called it, but finally learned it to please mamma. When speakingday came at school the little ones spoke first. What was Johnnie's disgust to have Miss Patty rattle off his own piece as perfectly as he himself could have done. She came home on the run from school, laughing all the way, but I think she felt a little afraid that she might get her face washed in the snow if Johnnie caught up with her.

"Mother," said the Modoc to me one very cold day, "Pat is going with me now to look at my traps." "Why, surely, not in this snow and wind; take John, Jr." "John don't want to go. I'd rather have Pat." "But she'll freeze!" "O, you 'fraid little mother!" said Patty, dancing around to find the rat-spear; "don't you see I have on Tom's cap, Dick's coat and Harry's dogskin mittens? Then just look at my new boots!" And away they went, carrying the sunshine of child-hood out into the winter storm.

She celebrated her eighth birthday by skinning two sheep—poor little things that died "for want of breath," and that the masculines said were not worth skinning. The boys were away with all their pocket-knives, so she did the work with a table-knife—not to be turned aside by trifles, you see. The result added forty-five

cents to her private purse.

Shall I own that what perplexes me most is the way John has turned the tables on me. "Just look at your 'dainty blossom'," said he one rainy day, when she had volunteered to clean out the drain below the stables—a job the boys refused to do until shamed out by her

energetic work.

In a streak of compassion for his little tomboy, and remembering her isolation from girlish companions and sympathy, her papa one day invested in a piano-harp, thinking, perhaps, that music would have refining charms to soothe the savage little breast. The instrument when closed looks fike a fat, overgrown sewing-machine without its machinery. When opened, by folding back its rosewood covers, a dulcimer-like arrangement of strings and letters is disclosed over a sounding-board. It is operated upon with hammers. When handled by its inventor, its music suits me better than any I ever heard.

But with Patty the music begins, when she comes dancing in from her great out-door interests. "Now I'm going to begin to be a lady," and with one kick of an agile foot she sends her rubber-boot flying under the lounge, another kick and its mate lands in the woodbox. Her mittens are "fired" into some corner, and pulling at the strings of her hood, which are tied in fourteen hard knots, she slips them out over her chin, up past her nose, and the hood goes flying, where she never stops to see. (When she wishes to replace it on her head, she has only to reverse the operation—poke her head up through the neck of it, give her chin a lurch forward, one twist of the mouth, and the thing is settled.

Tossing her hair out of her eyes, she seizes the hammers, and really plays several pieces very well; but with energy enough to snap the strings, if they were not of the strongest silver-steel wire. She brings the hammers down as if she were cracking walnuts. One of her papa's favorites is "Katie Lee and Willie Gray." At the third verse she always turns up her nose at Willie's words:

"Boys are strong and girls are weak, And I'll carry, so I will, Katie's basket up the hill."

At the next verse her face brightens, and she sings with all the expression she can put into her voice. "Katle answered with a laugh, You shall carry only half; Then tossing back her curls, Boys are weak as well as girls."

How this natural phenomenon will turn out it is hard to say, as she is yet but nine years old. She doesn't seem to spend any time reading, yet she can tell every story that has been published in "Our Little Ones" for the last two years, and she knows the contents of her childish Bible-histories so well that she can tell you something of nearly every character named prominently therein. Perhaps in this way lies her salvation. Her eye takes in the priuted page by sentences instead of words, it seems, yet she remembers them, and grasps the whole situation.

"Mamma," said she, and her face looked sweetly solemn, "do you know the nicest thing I have read today? It was about the baptism of Jesus. There were the distant hills and the sparkling river; then that lovely man, with his kind face. But oh, that lovely white dove, with the sun shining on his feathers, and the voice from Heaven. Do you know what the voice said, mamma? It said, 'This is my beloved Son.' I guess if all those wicked men had heard that voice, Jesus would not have had such a hard time as he did. Oh, mamma, I promised Tom to water the horses at six, and the clock is just striking."

It is only about two hours since I attempted to get

her into some of her pretty toggery—I am so proud of her looks when I get her "fixed up."

Her complexion is weather-proof. It never tans or freckles, and is of that dainty fairness that is seldom seen in the families of hard-working people. Her hands are plump, with dimpled knuckles, and long, taper fingers. With perfect health, she is as erect and graceful as a young Venus. After bathing her, and kissing the sweet, white neck and shoulders, I managed to keep her quiet, while I combed the long golden hair which hangs in wavy masses to her waist. But, while catching part of it back in braids, and arranging the dainty fringe which curls naturally over her forehead, she began to get impatient. "Hurry up, mother," said she, "I can hear that new lamb bleating; I fear its mother is not going to own it, and I must get out there before it gets chilled." "I am nearly done now, darling," and I hurried up-stairs to get a fresh ruff for her neck. When I came down she was nowhere in sight. I went to the window that looked toward the barn, and then I caught a glimpse of the heels of her rubber boots as they disappeared through a hole in the fence, on a short cut to the sheep-shed. Suggestions are now in order. Is it a hopeless case? Need I say that I get no sympathy from John in this peculiar state of affairs. While he owns that she out-boys all the male children on the farm he says she is worth her weight in gold every year, from a financial standpoint.

FRIAR JOHN'S VISION.*

I.
In his cell a monk did sit,
A book lay on his knee—
A record of the Popes so great
Who filled the Holy See.

Thumbed and worn, the mystic scroll Lay open—but unread: Far out beyond monastic walls His vision long had sped.

Eagerly back into the past,
With prelates bold it fled;
And as he sat he conned them o'er
As a rosary is said.

Firmly bent were mouth and brow
As he weighed each scheme and chance.
This—was it of human skill?
Or that—of Providence?

Monk, he was irresolute;
Man, he was of nerve;
The monk did shrink before his vows:
The man did never swerve.

Straight into the eye of fate
He steadily did stare;
For many youthful prophesies
He saw fulfilled there.

Far into the night he sate;
The stars had gone to rest;
But the monk he dreamed the wondrous dream
That ever on him prest.

The lark had scarce begun his song,
Or the sun peeped o'er the hill,
As a monk stepped from his dingy cell
Into the morn so still.

Half hidden by his cowl, there was
A strange light o'er his face
As he walked away with bounding stride,
Unlike the monkish pace.

Away he strode past field and hedge And cotter just awake; He greeted all with kindly nod, But one unto him spake:

"Ho, whither go'st thou, Frater John,
With eager face from home?"
"I go, good friend," the monk replied,
"To be the Porce of Rome."

"To be the Pope of Rome."

"But troth, good friar, thou'rt jesting now-An humble monk and lone
Could scarce presume or wish to be

The Holy Pope of Rome!"

"And why, good friend, this wonderment,
Or think it strange for me
To wish the holy Pontiff's place—
A Pope of Rome to be?"

"Is there enough of human stuff
In thy monk-cowl and pate"—
Quoth he—"How dar'st thou dream to wear
The Pontiff crown and state?"

"God's will be mine, and mine be His,
In all that's good for me;
And as I find these two accord,
The Pope of Rome I'll be."

GEORGE GIBSON.

^{*} In this court there was no position so eminent but that the most obscure individual might aspire to hold it. People delighted to recall the words of John, who, being asked why he was going to Rome, said, "he meant to be Pope"—and Pope be became.—Rankie, Hist. Popes, V. I.

OF late it has been remarked more than once that some of the most prominent of the American monthly magazines had become quite changed in character from what they once were by the gradually increasing importance they attached to the illustrations as compared with the reading matter. Formerly the literary merit of the articles they contained was the prime consideration; now the engravings which accompany the reading matter seem to obtain far more consideration, both from editor and reader, than the matter itself. Articles seem to be chosen more for their adaptability to illustration, for the scope they give the engraver, than for intrinsic literary importance or interest. The writer is the mere assistant of the artist.

Coincident with the change mentioned above has been the progress of American wood engraving, until it is acknowledged unrivaled in the world, and American fine art has at last become an article of export. This certainly is a matter for national pride; but whether it is a matter—considering carefully all its antecedent and consequent circumstances—upon which we may safely congratulate our country I have some doubt, strange as it may seem. In the light of the history of nations, in their relations to the fine arts, the attainment of great excellence therein seems to be as dangerous a matter for congratulation as would be the hectic flush, the clear white complexion, and the pearly eye in the face of the consumptive maiden—beautiful, but signs of warning.

When the pencil of Phidias was filling the Parthenon with forms of beauty, unequaled ever, which were to make the glory of Grecian art immortal, the Greeks, who saw and appreciated to the utmost, had lost their vigor and stamina, and were soon to lose their nationality for ages, and become the slaves of successive hordes, who carved with the sword instead of the chisel, who handled the spear and bow more skillfully than the brush, and who loved better the music of the ringing

shield than that of the twanging lyre. When Roman art culminated in the

When Roman art culminated in the Pantheon, decay was already far advanced in the heart of that vast empire, and that temple at once of Roman art and Roman gods was to be devastated by barbarians who came from worshiping gods of power, not beauty, in the gloomy forests of the North, and with whom the hardy

virtues were all and the fine arts nothing.

When the painters and singers and sculptors of modern Italy were the admiration of the world, her people were the pity of the world in their squalid poverty, moral degradation and political slavery. It was when Germany lay shattered in fragments, as the iron tread of Napoleon had left her, groaning in poverty and weakness under a score of petty despots, that she gave to the world her great names in art. It was under the patronage of these same petty despots that her famous art-galleries were created and her operas built, and her painters, composers and singers were rewarded and pensioned with money wrung from a poverty-stricken and tax-ridden peasantry. Under Louis XIV, and Louis XV. luxury was rife among the nobility, and the imitative and decorative arts reached high excellence; but down in the lower strata of society smouldered and gathered the volcanic fires and forces of the Reign of Terror.

Austria, a cruel, hideous python, gorged with the nations she has strangled and swallowed, lies sluggish

and torpid; but the gay strains of the "Blue Danube Waltz," rising amid the marble palaces and imperial operas of Vienna, are caught up and repeated in many lands, from where the Pacific washes the shores of "farthest Ind" and Australia far round to where it ebbs and flows through the Golden Gate of California.

The Puritan settlers of New England, whose mental and physical vigor and stamina have left an impress so wide and deep upon our national life, showed in various ways. Such of their descendants still peopling that region as have come into wealth and leisure through the shrewd savings and unremitting toil of their ancestors, are now giving more and more attention to the fine arts, and are cultivating them with increasing assiduity, and are proud of doing so. But they are being rapidly supplanted upon their own ground by fresher and hardier blood from the fields and workshops of Europe and the forests of Canada-a people with whose lives and work and thought and feelings the highbred, delicate, and fastidious sons of hardy plebeian sires have no sympathy, and upon whose minds they have no influence. This increase of wealth and leisure, the nurses of culture in the few, has a fearful offset in the grinding and unremitting toil which coarsens and hardens and embitters the life of the many, which drives the father from his home through such long hours that he scarce ever sees his children in their waking hours; which confines mothers to never-ending drudgery in their dingy homes so that they never have time or chance to contemplate beauty either in art or nature. In our great cities, where art is more and more honored and cultivated, where the operatic star receives nightly a shower of wealth, the daughters of toil make paper boxes or sew shirts for two or three cents an hour; where the acolytes in culture and art sit at the feet of its self-constituted apostles from over the ocean and drink in gushes of æsthetic rhapsody, and pour money from their abundance upon those apostles who take the gift but sneer at the givers, the laboring poor by scores of thousands are crowded into foul tenement houses like swine in pens. At the bidding of the magician Wealth, Parthenons and Pantheons may arise, not singly, as of old, but by scores, and artists may be training to fill them; but are there not also breeding the Goths and Vandals who shall profane and devastate those temples?

Just as the fine arts seem to enervate and emasculate any people who become devoted to them, so high refinement in art seems fatal to its power and energy in human life. In music, the "long roll" of some nameless drummer-boy, or the call of "Boots and Saddles" by some unknown bugler, has been more fateful and thrilling than the grandest chorus at Beyruth, or the brilliant execution of Listz and Chopin and all the rest of the great pianists. That simple, homely, old air, the very clown and beggar's brat in the realm of music, which no artist would think of but with a smile of good-natured contempt-"Yankee Doodle"-has been more of a power in the world, has more strongly urged men on with light hearts and high courage against heavy odds and deep depression than the grandest "music of the future" Wagner ever wrote or ever will. And "Dixie," which bore up the hearts of myriads of Southern soldiers, half-clad and half-fed, through four long years against hopeless odds and accumulated defeat-what child of any royal name in music could

have done as much! Yet Dixie was the foundling of some unknown minstrel troupe. A lady writer, the pet of the highest circle of culture in the "Athens of America," composed the "Battle Hymn of the Republic;" yet in the stress of war and on the lowering front of battle, the Republic refused to sing it. But "Old John Brown," how many hundreds of thousands

of men, with those inspiring strains parting their lips and swelling their hearts, rushed to the recruiting rendezvous; and how many hundreds of regiments marched to battle, keeping step to the rhythm of those rhymeless lines! Yet that battle-hymn was as plebeian in its origin, as simple in its character, but as wonderful in its power as Joan of Arc.

CASTELLO N. HOLFORD.

HER FAMILY TREE.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

PART I.

"HOLLOA !"

Dr. John Strothers, lying in the bottom of his boat, lifted his head which had been resting on his two hands

clasped beneath it, and listened.

"Holloa-o-o !" sounded again, this time with an unmistakable feminine quaver at the end, and Dr. John sprang to his feet and looked in the direction from The little lake broadened which the sound came. beyond the point on which stood the hotel which he had left an hour before, ostensibly to fish-really after one or two half-hearted attempts to use his rod, to float aimlessly under the soft August sky. Beyond this point the clear water stretched away to thickly-wooded shores, the dark pines lightened here and there by the slender shaft of a white birch. Near this northern shore a boat rocked, the figure of a girl standing easily in the center, waving a scarlet something, and at intervals sending out the call which had fallen unheeded on Dr. John's ears till filled with a more strenuous accent. The wind had freshened, and his boat danced on the quick waves, which broke in spray against the prow as he caught up his oars and bent to them with a will-a scientific stroke which would have delighted any boatcrew, and had done him good service in more than one college regatta.

The girl, who had sat down quietly, watching the steady strokes, and half smiling at her own plight as he drew nearer, suddenly started, changed color, half rose—then sat down again pale, and with a determined pressure of the lips together. It was a quiet, high-bred face, fair hair, blue eyes and delicate coloring, giving an impression of softness and gentleness, contradicted now by the almost obstinate expression that had suddenly fixed itself in every feature. Yet she trembled almost imperceptibly as she looked steadily toward the coming boat, and for a moment clasped her hands with a move-

ment of sharp anxiety.

Dr. John had not turned, save for a momentary glance now and then, as he headed toward her, but now, when within easy speaking distance, paused and laid down one oar in order to remove his hat, showing, as he did so, a clear-cut and sunburned face with broad, white forehead and close brown beard and hair, which would have curled had the barber left length enough to follow out its natural tendency. The eyes, too, were brown—eager, impulsive, honest eyes—and the mouth, not hidden by the short mustache, had the same expression. The frank smile with which he had lifted his hat as he said interrogatively:

"You are in trouble of some sort, madam. What can I do for you?"—died away. His face flushed deeply; he drew a long breath, then with a sudden recovery of himself sat silent and looking at the occu-

pant of the boat, who clasped and unclasped her hands nervously as she said, with no other sign of recognition:

"I have been unfortunate enough to break an oar, and am anxious to get to the hotel in time for the afternoon train. Have you a spare one?"

"Not one," was the composed answer, Dr. John having evidently made up his mind as to his own tactics. "But if you will allow me to offer you a place in my boat, I will row you across with pleasure, Eliz—Miss Pencook."

Miss Pencook hesitated, then bowed, and as Dr. Strothers brought his boat alongside, stepped in lightly, settled herself, and took the rudder as if well accustomed to such an arrangement. Dr. Struthers smiled slightly under his mustache as he fastened the empty boat to theirs, and then rowed steadily half a mile or so till well out in the lake, yet protected by the Point from any observation from the hotel. Then he laid down his oars and faced her deliberately.

"Evidently you have not found him, Elizabeth."

Miss Pencook was silent.

"This is no breaking of your terms," pursued Dr. John, after a steady look which brought the color in a flood to Miss Pencook's face. "I have not sought you once since the day you sent me away. I ask you now to be rational. If you have not changed toward me, and if your determination remains the same, let us, as I begged you in the beginning, make this quest together."

"It is impossible," Miss Pencook said slowly, after a silence, in which she forced herself to outward calmness. "It is quite impossible. But I am—nearer than

I was-a little, I think."

"Elizabeth, you are cruel?" the young man said, passionately. "You know absolutely well that the whole thing is nothing to me. Let it all go. Decide now, this moment, to yield a whim that means nothing but misery for both. It is a year since you ordered me into banishment. How many are to pass before you will use your reason and drop this folly? Elizabeth, come!"

His hands were stretched out, his eyes dwelt on her face hungrily yet with a deep tenderness. If the unlucky words, "use your reason—folly," had but remained unsaid, his point might have been gained, for Miss Pencook faltered visibly and her eyes filled with

tears.

"It is useless to hurt yourself or me," she said at last. "I have not changed. You know I do not change. I shall keep my word, no matter how it ends. I was wise to leave you free, for I think now you may begin to be weaned from your fancy. We do not need to talk of it any more."

Dr. Strothers looked at her for a minute—a minute

that seemed an hour. He was pale, and the deep reproach in his eyes haunted her long afterward. Then he turned silently and spoke no further word till the little pier was reached, and he gave her his hand as she stepped from the boat. Miss Pencook had taken off her glove, and, as the delicate fingers touched his, he held them a moment, then bowed and turned away. An hour later, as the train steamed away, leaving its line of white vapor floating and fading above the trees, she looked back eagerly, then lowered her thick veil, and for a moment let a few hot tears have their way. But this was no part of her usual mood, and soon she repressed them and began to go over the fresh clues that had seemed in the early morning as she rowed across to the other shore and the little hamlet hidden behind the trees, so much more tangible than any previous ones. Even these, however, had eluded her once more, the morning's catastrophe being in full harmony with the malicious fate that seemed to pursue her. But one good omen had been part of the inauspicious

Her lover was still her lover, and could he have seen the look on her face as she dwelt on this one comforting certainty, would have been even less disposed to certainty than when they parted. In spite of her declaration that he would change she knew such change impossible, and, as the train sped along, planned eagerly some fresh means of ending the long tangle.

How long? Hardly a year, and yet so much had gone before, that practically it seemed a lifetime. Born in the same village, growing up side by side, but one thing had ever stood between them, and that one—the

want of a grandfather.

Not for Dr. John. One of the Strothers of Strotherston, he was provided with more than he had ever troubled himself to think about, though born into an atmosphere as alive with the dust of respected and infinitely respectable ancestry as a sunbeam with motes. The whole village was composed of old families, who prided themselves more upon their lineage than upon wealth, personal position or influence. It is doubtful if Miss Pencook could have found admission to even the outermost of these sacred circles but for the fact that she had a father whose claim to consideration it was im-

possible to deny.

Dr. Pencook had been for many years the medical adviser of the patrician families of Strotherston. He was a man of education and undoubted skill as a physician, and his one drawback-lack of pedigree-had been generously overlooked by his patrons in consideration of their dependence upon him in their hours of illness and suffering. For twenty years he had gone about among them, listening patiently to the recital of their aristocratic ailments, and prescribing understandingly for their dyspepsias and hysterias, never inquiring into the ancestry of his patients, save as it had a bearing upon the physical weaknesses which might have been part of their distinguished inheritance. The plebeian with the rheumatism had equal attention with the aristocrat with the gout, and obtuse as such conduct seemed, no choice remained to them but to set it down as one of the good doctor's peculiarities. And so, year after year, Dr. Pencook "welcomed the coming," and created no slight suspicion of "speeding the parting guest." He mingled prescriptions for medicine with prescriptions for dress and diet. He applied emmolients to body and spirit; he gave tonics for anæmic courage as well as bloodless bodies, and applied blisters to torpid consciences as well as overtorpid livers; doctoring, warning, and advising with the free-

dom of a trusted friend, and finding, as is the law with universal helpers, no helper for his own case.

There came a day when the wheels of life stopped suddenly. Tired with a long day's work, he had come in, settled back in his arm-chair, patted Elizabeth's hand as she passed by him, and shut his eyes, to open them, we may be sure, on the thronging faces of the many he had helped and comforted in sharper straits. Then for the first time it became known that for many years he had suffered with an organic disease of the heart, which he had watched, and as far as possible, cared for with silent heroism. His wife had known it, but not appreciated its serious nature, and he had always spoken slightingly to her in regard to it. Within a year she had followed him, her last days embittered by the sight and praises of her husband's successor, a nephew of the Strothers, and thus unex-

ceptionable in birth and breeding. When Mrs. Pencook died, Elizabeth, their only child, was a graceful girl of twenty, loving her father's memory with as passionate an affection as she had given him all her life. She had been his almost constant companion after her school-days ended, driving with him interminable distances over the country roads, and learning in their daily talks many things that books had never taught her. Next to her father no one else had ever been so well known as John Strothers, the only son in a family of many daughters, and a contradiction of many family traditions. He had passed from a high-spirited and rollicking boyhood to a young manhood, molded largely by the quiet but powerful influence Dr. Pencook had always had upon him, and, to the consternation of all the Strothers, had turned to the same profession. He had been intended for West Point, each generation of his family having given never less than one member to army or navy, and though to become a doctor was respectable, it was too near plebeian possibilities to

satisfy family pride.

A deeper source of anxiety arose when Elizabeth returned from school. This girl, with a face far more indicative of good blood than any one in the crowd of daughters that filled the circumspect and guarded homes of Strotherston, might beguile this heir of an old name into rash and most injudicious entanglement. But apprehension lessened as it was found that the offenders were seen more often as trio than duo, though the time came when John Strothers did his best to secure the latter arrangement. Free as their intercourse had always been, one thought remained unshared, and neither father nor friend suspected how deeply Elizabeth longed for a definite line of ancestry-a grandfather as well worth honors as those of the eminently stupid townspeople who boasted such possessions. The occasional inclination she had felt toward her father's profession had been instantly put away as she reflected that this undiscovered but possible ancestor must not have his escutcheon sullied by any tinge of such disgrace as her having "worked for pay."

Far back in her childhood, incited by the constant

Far back in her childhood, incited by the constant recurring of her mates to their descent, she had asked her father to tell her about her grandfather too, and

started at the look he turned upon her.

"I have no father, Elizabeth. Never let me hear you speak of that subject again."

Mrs. Pencook had shaken her head persistently

Mrs. Pencook had shaken her head persistently through the questioning, and now Elizabeth turned to her:

"You had a father, didn't you, mother?"

"I don't know what's got into the child," Mrs. Pencook said, plaintively.

"But didn't you?" persisted Elizabeth. was he ?"

"He was a shoemaker, if you will know," was the answer; "but why you want to ask such questions is more than I can tell,"

Poor Elizabeth shrank back as if the words had been a blow. A shoemaker! For such social sin no forgiveness could be possible. As a robber or murderer he might have figured as a romantic or political exile, but a shoemaker! No mantle of charity was large enough to cover such obliquity. Elizabeth wondered. and wondered more as years went on. Her name-Elizabeth Winthrop Pencook-certainly suggested something far beyond the average shoemaker. It must have come from the father's side; but she felt a certain disloyalty in questioning what he had chosen to be silent upon, and confined herself to searching out privately

In the meantime, John Strothers, fresh from graduation as an M. D., had found it best to confide in the father. Dr. Pencook listened quietly. If he was grati-

fied he made no sign.

anything that bore upon the matter.

"Come back in a year, John," he said at last, "and we will talk it over then. You are going abroad now, and you can judge better by-and-by. Wait."

The verdict was inflexible, and Dr. John knew it, but before the year ended Dr. Pencook's work was over and Elizabeth practically alone, her mother's negative temperament making her incapable of interest outside her simple daily life.

Dr. Pencook's earnings had been slow, but always wisely invested. Elizabeth found herself his sole heir, and to what for her was more than a competency. As a young person of independent fortune, she suddenly acquired a value not before perceived; was invited to all minor and a few major social gatherings, and introduced to strangers as Miss Pencook, "the daughter of

the eminent Dr. Pencook, you know."

Elizabeth's pride in her father needed no such reminder of what he had been. She kept his office precisely as he had left it-his books upon the shelves, his instruments in their old places. The skeleton behind which she had fearlessly played bopeep when a child remained in its curtained niche unmolested, until one day, as if worn out with loneliness, it tumbled in a heap on the floor, when she gathered up its members and buried them in an empty box in the attic, reserving the skull, which she put upon the mantel-piece, where, standing like a cherubic acrobat upon its organ of benevolence, it began service as a card-receiver. Elizabeth looked at it now and then with a sigh of pity.

"Poor thing!" she sometimes murmured; "you are even worse off than myself. If I have no grandfather, you have neither 'local habitation nor a name;' but, after all, you are better off than I am, for you care nothing about it."

No soul in Strotherston suspected or imagined the degree of eagerness with which Elizabeth pursued her search for this infinitely desired and always elusive relative. In another the same interest would have seemed either lamentable weakness or a monomania to be repressed as the first symptom of that want of mental balance, which she had learned to dread as a greater evil than any physical ill. Two selves seemed at work. The one natural, busy in all daily interests, alive to all questions of the day; the other, a delver in old libraries; a musty antiquarian, surprising librarians with her demands for any and all heraldic or genealogical registers, and exciting much comment among

the villagers as to the causes of her many journeys to neighboring cities. Careful search among her father's books and papers gave nothing which held the slightest clue or reference to his home or family, and she had decided that some boyish freak had driven him out, and

pride kept him silent as to his way in life.

Dr. Strothers had decided upon another year in Vienna, the news of Dr. Pencook's death having reached him through his aunt, who sent weekly bulletins of village gossip. He wrote a formal letter of condolence, for no other than formal words seemed possible where those nearest his heart could not be spoken. The year had not expired and until it had he was bound to silence. Then came the news of Elizabeth's fortune, magnified many times in its transmission, and Dr. John determined to give another year to study and return home better equipped for the struggle, which, though less hampered than in many cases, had still small aid from fortune, his own income being barely enough to support him till work came in freely. Elizabeth had thus full opportunity to pursue her search, and came upon a fairly satisfactory clue at last in the persons of three Danish brothers, whose name of Pankage had passed from Pankek to Pencook, and one of whom might safely be assumed to be the desired ancestor, if only it could be determined which one.

It was in the midst of this uncertainty that an impecunious but eminently well-born young gentleman, who had come to Strotherston to visit certain family connections, offered her his ancient name in return for her modern advantages of dollars. Renouncing the name of Pencook for that of Lancaster, she could find shelter beneath the various genealogical branches that overshadowed his house, and her children, at least, would never know the want of a grandfather. But Elizabeth as she listened became suddenly conscious that quite another ideal was in her mind, and dismissed the offended suitor with a decision she hesitated to explain

to herself.

With evening its causes became sufficiently plain, for, as she sat looking reflectively into the open fire, old Jane suddenly ushered in Dr. John Strothers, arrived but an hour before, and feverishly anxious to settle definitely all open questions. Few words were needed for the story of his two years abroad, and then, with an ardor that thrilled his hearer through and through, he told her what he had begged of her father, and plead for no more delay in a reply. Elizabeth had neither power nor desire to resist him, and as he ended and held out his hands appealingly, gave him her own, to find herself caught up in an embrace that taught her for the first time what love might mean.

A day or two of untroubled delight in which ancestors were forgotten, and then came a thunder-cloud and its resultant storm. Mrs. Strothers the elder, a highnosed and inflexible exponent of what was due from and to a Strothers, appeared to Elizabeth and denounced, in well-bred but inflexible terms, not only her want of a grandfather, but her general turpitude in lack of ancestors. The tinder had only waited such spark, and, to Dr. John's amazement, Elizabeth suddenly became as inflexible as if owning the same blood, and after a week of stormy argument announced her irrevocable determination to allow no engagement until she had found the grandfather, who, she had become convinced, only awaited her search. Anger, grief—a sense of the wild absurdity of it all, by turns dominated the young man, who found himself powerless to alter or affect the decision, and left her finally, hurt, indignant, yet half tinged with her own confidence, and

prepared, since nothing else could be looked for, for

temporary submission.

Now only Miss Pencook's quest may be said to have begun in earnest. For months she had been in correspondence with various individuals who made it a business to trace genealogies or of manufacturing them to order, together with coats of arms and ancestral portraits. Elizabeth was incapable of shams. No rest could be found under the wooden effigy of a genealogical tree, its rootless trunk thrust into the dust of ages, and this fastidiousness had thus far been a serious hindrance to success. She had stipulated with Mrs. Strothers that no whisper of either engagement or her own intentions should be allowed to escape, and the village had no material for gossip beyond its own suspicions, or imagined how deeply this mania of search had seized upon her. Her personal pride was fully equal to her longing to be proud of her birth, and no one should be allowed to suspect that she was not sufficient to herself until that happy day in which she might present herself in Strotherston as insignificant an appendage to a tail of names as the best family within the borders.

Dr. John had returned to Boston, and Elizabeth had decided upon a journey to a Pennsylvania town where a Penkek had lived and died, when she met one evening at a neighbor's a gentleman, who, as he was introduced, asked: "Are you a relative of the Pencooks of Tipton, Connecticut?"

" The Pencooks !"

Miss Pencook had never before listened to this use of the definite article, and recalling the conversation in Strotherston society, fell to wondering how it would sound to hear herself talking of "the Pencook nose" or "the Pencook temper."

"Pencook is rather an unusual name. I should suppose they would all be connected in some way," pur-

sued her interlocutor.

"It may be," Miss Pencook returned, quietly. "We have never sought relatives outside our own immediate

family."

She flushed, as almost before the words ended she realized their inherent falsity, and felt degraded at her own weakness. Why should she say "we" and "our," as if in her mental vision she beheld a clan of Pencooks instead of the little trio that had constituted all she knew of family?

"This family have lived on the Pencook homestead for many years," her informer went on in a half apologetic tone, being slightly puzzled by her manner. "I have not been in Tipton since I was a boy, but remember Grandfather Pencook perfectly. He was a jolly

old fellow,"

Again Miss Pencook flushed slightly. This was hardly the description she wished applied to a possible grandfather, but owed its characterization probably to the mental cast of the speaker, whose words should be interpreted as meaning actually "a very genial old gentleman." Such as they were, however, they had given the first definite direction to her quest, and before the week ended old Jane had been left in full charge, and Miss Pencook alighted from a train at a station which, though called Tipton, had no suggestion of a town within seeing distance, being set in the midst of partially cleared woods, through which a grass-grown road was the only outlet toward civilization. A light one-horse wagon was in waiting to carry the mail and any chance passenger, and the driver sat indifferently on a folded buffalo-robe, with apparently no intention of speaking until spoken to.

"I want to go to the Pencook homestead," said Elizabeth. "Can you drive me there?"

"I'm stun deaf," returned the man, after looking at her for a minute or two. "I'll take ye to the tahvern, an' Hiram'll answer any questions you've a mind to ask."

Miss Pencook climbed to a seat beside him, and a drive of a mile brought her to a little village after the usual order of small New England villages—three churches facing the three sides of the common, and the "tahvern" the other.

Beyond the common, however, was a gleam of water, and as she went up the steps she saw through the openings in the trees a little lake, gleaming blue in the sunshine, and on the other side what seemed to be a much more pretentious hotel than anything before her.

The landlord came forward in some surprise, a guest being out of all ordinary course of events, but he had lived in Tipton all his life, knew everybody, and rejoiced in the unexpected opportunity of giving all the information that was wanted, with an equal portion of quite irrelevant matter thrown in for his own satisfac-

"The Pencook homestead," he repeated, after a long look at his questioner. "Wal, yes. It's jest over yonder across the pond, half a mile, may be, pretty nigh the old buryin' ground. There ain't none of 'em livin' there now. Silas was the last one that was left. His wife died o' consumption mor'n a year ago. All her folks was consumpted, 'n he-wal, it was ruther sing'lar about Silas. He was bound to sit up with the corpse himself, you see. Sed he wasn't goin' to hev a passel o' young folks a-rumagin' among her things, cookin' a big supper an' a-cuttin' up gin'ally as young folks does at such times. Seems as if they had to to keep their spirits up. I know, for I've been one of 'em many a time. So Silas, he said he'd watch with her himself, and two or three of the old wimmin staid there all night, 'cause it didn't seem neighborly to leave him all alone. 'Wal, in the mornin' they got some breakfast an' then went in to call him, an' there he sot by her side-she was laid out on a board, ye know-a-holdin' of her hand an' his head sort o' leanin' down on her breast-stun dead. Some folks thought he'd taken poison, an' the doctors dissected him to onct, an' glad o' the chance to git at a good corpse above ground, it's my opinion. They said he'd died o' heart disease, but it didn't seem likely. Them Pencooks was always long-lived. There's the old man. He's considerable over seventy, an' putty lively yit."

"Is he?" said Elizabeth, with a manifestation of interest in her voice which she could not repress. The landlord, like others of his guild, had keen intuitions. He had not learned the name of this quietly-dressed but elegant-looking young woman who questioned him, but there was a reason for her interest in the Pencook family, and it behooved him to be shrewd in his

enlies

"He hain't been tu hum for more'n two years," he said considerately. "Travelin' fur his health, I guess. May be you might be related to 'em. You've got the Pencook turn o' the head."

"Can you tell me the name of the place where he is now?" Miss Pencook asked, ignoring the inquiry.

"H'm," the landlord said, with an inward remark that he "calc'lated he could be as clus-mouthed as the next one." "I ain't good at rememberin' furrin' names," adding to himself, "I guess I threw ye off the track that time, an' I'll do it ag'in if you ain't freer."

"Were there no other children but the son you have

spoken of?" Elizabeth asked, after a moment of

troubled thought.

"Wal, yes," the landlord answered, as if the point might be open to question; "there was several, but most of 'em died young. There was Thomas, though— Thomas Jefferson, that they called Jeff when he was little; same's his father, you know."

Miss Pencook bent forward eagerly. This was her father's name. At last she had come to the end of the

long perplexity.

"Yes," the landlord went on, recognizing the new intentness of her look. "He run away when he was about fourteen or so, a spindlin kind of a boy, an' he hain't never been back. Folks said he got to be a doctor, an' Silas always seemed to sort o' think he'd come back. Silas was younger'n Jeff. Do you want to go over there? I'll row you over myself if you do."

"I will row over after dinner if you have a boat," Miss Pencook said, wanting time to think what her course had better be. "I am well accustomed to a

boat."

"Come in, then," her host said, determined not to be baffled. "Come an' put your name down. It's a kind o' formularity, you know. Jest a fashion, but then we hev to follow fashion sometimes. Here it is."

There was no good reason why she should decline to follow the only fashion of which the landlord could be

said to have knowledge, and she wrote as legibly as a rusty pen and muddy ink allowed. "Miss E. W. Pencook," the landlord looking over her shoulder as she did so, and rubbing his hands as he saw his suspicions confirmed.

."I told ye ye had the Pencook turn o' the head," he said, with a chuckle. "They're a high-strung set, 'specially the old man. Keen's a briar—quicker'n a flash. Read Greek'n Hebrew, an' reel off Latin by the yard. The old man was a perfesser one time, 'fore he

settled down here."

This statement was repeated, as after a dinner which Miss Pencook found it impossible to eat he led the way to the shore, and proceeded to bale out a small boat, in good order save for the soaking from the rain of a day before.

"There ain't many women folks round here that handles the oars," he said, with some admiration, as Miss Pencook took her place. "Sure I hedn't better go along?"

"Quite sure, thank you," she said, and the disap-

pointed landlord stood watching her, with a final call:
"Don't ye let nothin' happen to the boat!" adding
to himself, "It's easy to tickle 'em. He wuz a perfesser one time—perfesser of religion, though I can't
say he worked at it much these late years. The
church'll take most anythin' it can get hold of."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRESCIENCE.

SHE stands at sunset on the wave-washed beaches, Her face with glory kissed;

Enshrouded with the great bay's level reaches In sunset's golden mist.

She looks along the sunlight's level splendor, That gilds the wide, still bay,

And all her face grows sweetly, strangely tender With thoughts of one away.

She does not see the evening's crimson brightness
That drifts across the bay,

Or where the dark waves break in snowy whiteness On rocks and headland gray.

She only sees, far out, the raveled edges Of waves, that gleam afar,

Worn out with climbing o'er the rocky ledges That form the harbor bar.

She does not see the child that stands beside her, His white feet on the sands,

Nor hear the tired voice that seems to chide her, Nor feel his clinging hands.

She only sees that white line, growing clearer, That marks the harbor bar;

She only feels some trouble coming nearer Beneath the evening star. Lo! with the morn the winds from off the ocean Blew o'er a storm-drenched land,

And waves, all pale with passion's wild commotion, Broke on the yellow sand.

A sailor—who would sail no more forever, The trophy of the storm,

The mad waves reaching in a vain endeavor To clutch his pulseless form—

Lies on the sands—the sands wave-washed and crowded With shell and seaweed fair;

Her dead arms round him, and his face enshrouded By her luxuriant hair.

The little child, his face all wet with grieving, Stands near with sobbing breath,

Not understanding, nor, as yet, believing, The mystery of death.

And still he clasps the hand that he has taken In his weak, childish hold,

And cries in vain, "Oh! Papa, Papa, waken; Your hand is wet and cold."

And still the sunlight, in a golden splendor, Across the wild wide bay,

Like death's first touch, that makes a harsh face tender, On rocks and headlands lay.

BETH DAY.

THE pertinency of Mr. Beard's cartoon, "A Modern Themistocles," lies in the fact that after the battle of Salamis, the Greek generals undertook to confer a first and second prize for valor and good conduct, by which the battle had been won. Each one, except Themistocles, voted for himself for the first prize, but all the others voted for Themistocles for the second. The analogy between the Greek leader and Mr. Lincoln needs no exemplification. No Republican has yet formulated a ticket which did not have the name of Mr. Lincoln on it. By reason of his modesty, it has generally been assigned to the second place. The unanimity with which the friends of all the declared aspirants have pounced upon him as the strongest and fittest man for the Vice-Presidency, shows his strength and availability as a Presidential candidate.

EVERY mail brings in its quota of postal-cards attesting the favor with which the "Too True for Fiction" competition is regarded by the public. Many of the guesses hit the mark, and as many more fly wide of it. Some are evidently made at haphazard, but most of them are the result of careful consideration, and are based upon the due exercise of judgment. Our readers will remember that while any one may compete for the minor prizes, the Grand Prize of One Thousand Dollars open only to those who send in a subscription to THE CONTINENT for one year. This rule applies to old subscribers as well as to new ones. Anyone who is already a subscriber can only enter for the grand prize by sending an additional subscription or inducing some other person to subscribe, and transfer the right of competition. Notification of the intention to compete must be made in all cases.

ANOTHER great crisis - another great crash - a cyclone of failure has overtaken the nation of speculators. Grown rich beyond all precedent, our people have not been content to enter the ordinary avenues of trade. Capital is drawn out of the usual channels of investment; the development of natural resources and the extension of our commerce have ceased to be the chief uses of wealth. The safe and moderate gains of legitimate business have been spurned by those who have grown rich by the accident of events, and capitalists have sought to gain advantage, not by the old-established methods of business, but through the fascinating avenues of speculation. Moneyed men have sought to increase their wealth by living on the necessities of others' enterprise, by levying toll upon the ordinary traffickers on the sea of life. The Bull and the Bear have labored together to create fictitious values, to inflate and depress the properties in which others have invested. The lessons of the recent past have already been forgotten, and the glamor of speculation has turned even the soberest heads. At this time we do not know how widespread may be the calamity which has fallen upon us. The Wednesday on which we write may stand in history beside the "Black Friday" which even the youngest business men can yet remember. It would seem fortunate that the crisis had arisen at this season of the year rather than in the autumn. The demand for money for legitimate investment is always less at this season

of the year than at any other. The summer business, especially during a Presidential year, is very greatly limited. There is no demand for funds to move the crops, the investment of the farmer has already been made; manufacturing business even before was at a very low ebb, and in many ways the opportunity for recuperation seems greater than it would be at any other season of the year. Nevertheless, the effect of such failures as have come upon us is almost impossible to measure. Thousands of business men must go to the wall because our great financial magnates have seen fit to prefer speculation to business. Should the crisis prove general, it will be fortunate for the poor that it comes at the beginning of summer rather than with the first touch of winter. In that event it is possible that the shrinkage of values will have reached its lowest point, and with the autumn will come a revival of business which may help to obliterate the memory of this crisis even more readily than that of those which have preceded it. It is hoped that the lesson which should be learned from all such calamities may not be missed in this. Investments in legitimate business yielding safe and fair returns could never have produced such a state of affairs. Money is abundant, the indebtedness of those engaged in business is less than at almost any other period of our history and taking it all together it would seem that there could hardly have been a more fortunate period for the occurrence of such a crisis. At the best it is one that touches every man and woman in the country, and especially every laboring man and woman, for while the rich may lose more, the poor by such a calamity lose all that they have—the opportunity for self-support.

THERE has been nothing more pathetic in many a day than the spectacle of Gen. Grant hobbling in upon his crutches to meet the startling confirmation of the rumor which announced his utter impoverishment. Some of our contemporaries are ungenerous enough to speak almost tauntingly of his losses, and we are told that he ought never to have ventured into the purlicus of Wall Street; that this is only what might have been expected from his inexperience; that if he chose to assume liability as a member of a firm of young speculators he should have looked after their business himself, and many other grave and sage reflections. There may be much of truth in these allegations, but the fact that he engaged in business is by no means derogatory of the man in regard to whom they are made. Leaving the public service almost in his prime, he naturally felt inclined not only to have some occupation, but to do whatever lay in his power to promote the interest of his sons. It was, no doubt, unfortunate that he did not induce them to adopt a slower and surer road to fortune. Perhaps he was misled by the miracles which had attended his own success. It may be that the worship of chance, the rage for speculation that affects our American thought, had blinded his eyes to the hazard of the undertaking -sometimes called business-in which the younger members of the firm were engaged. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that he carried into business the same attributes which gave him success in the field. He trusted most implicitly those to whom he assigned any

MIG MA. 728

specific duty. He did not dream of difficulty or peril until he was hopelessly involved. It must be remembered, too, that if success had resulted every one would have commended not only his prudence but the sagacity of the system on which it was founded.

**

THERE are some tender souls who profess to feel especially humiliated because one who has been the President of the Republic, the hero-leader of her armies, should be mixed up with a failure in Wall Street. Such ought, at least, to remember that it is much harder for him than for them. Though the nation had honored him with positions of exalted trust it had taken no care to provide for his future. The fact that he engaged in business is altogether creditable to him. In the true spirit of American democracy he rubbed out the line that separated him from his fellows and entered the arena of business without any pretense of advantage in his favor. He was a simple citizen, doing what is accounted honorable in another to do. He has been unfortunate. The burthen of his misfortune falls upon himself, and he would be the last one to ask or expect to be exempted from the rule that applies to others. He will face disaster as he faced his country's enemies, calmly and bravely. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that he may recoup his misfortunes. The hand of age and affliction rests heavily on the grand old soldier. He may never grow rich again, and may not have the pleasure in his last years of seeing his sons well established in life through his endeavor, but the country will not forget that no misfortune can hide his merit, and that no liberality on its part can equal his desert. The staunchest of friends himself, he need not fear that he will find himself without friends in his misfortune.

...

KNIGHTLY courage is so common a characteristic among our Anglo-Saxon people that the absence of it awakens a peculiar feeling of disgust which swallows up all other considerations. It matters not how fair a record one may bear, a single act of cowardice or treachery blots out with us the whole merit of a lifetime, and leaving forever after only a memory of scorn. When such an act is done in the name of a great people it acquires peculiar odium; and when to this is added an attempt to shirk responsibility for it by a smirking sort of Pharisaical plea for peace and the allegation of a horror of war in the abstract, the natural feeling is intensified a thousandfold. Such is the sentiment of the English-speaking world against the Gladstone government for its deliberate and cowardly abandonment of General Gordon in Khartoum. It is useless to quibble about the instructions given to Gordon in relation to the Soudan. The government importuned him to go, and must have left very much to his discretion. Whatever else may be true, this one fact remains—he was not only permitted, but abjectly implored to put himself in a position of extreme danger for the sake of the government, and not in any degree for his own advantage. He did not go as one of its civil or military officers in the discharge of an ordinary act of duty, but as a citizen at the special request of his sovereign to undertake a duty every step of which was hazardous in the extreme, and the result of which, while of the highest value to his country, was not likely to be of great importance to himself in a personal point of view. The abandonment of brave men in posts of danger through the slothfulness or stupidity of their superiors has been of very frequent occurrence in the history of England, but

Gordon's case is perhaps the only instance where sheer cold-blooded desertion, for which no better reason has been or can be offered than the mere disinclination of the government to pay money enough to secure his safety. It is claimed that he knew that the government was opposed to war for the sake of holding the Soudan. Of course he did; everybody knew it. That was the very reason he was sent, and the task of averting such war was intrusted to his discretion. If he has erred, it does not by any means release the country from the moral obligation to stand by him. The government had interest enough in the Soudan to wish to accomplish the defeat of El Mahdi or his repression within certain limits. Gordon went to do this work. When he found himself unable to accomplish it alone he asked for help; before he knew what to expect, he was cut off, and now the government tries to throw the responsibility for its desertion of a daring emissary upon some whimsical pretense of a desire for peace. The plea that the war in the Soudan is a war for liberty is a piece of shameless impudence. It is no more a war for liberty in and about Khartoum than it is at Suakim. El Mahdi is no more a struggling patriot for whom the Prime Minister has a tender sympathy than is Osman Digna. The whole thing is a matter of mere shallow hypocritical pretence. A more shameful and humiliating spectacle than this brave and devoted envoy of England deserted in the midst of barbarian enemies, the world has never witnessed. Should Gordon escape by the Equator, as it is to be hoped that he may, his very first act on reaching civilization ought to be to renounce his allegiance to the British throne and seek naturalization in some other country.

NEARLY eighty years ago a boy, Charles O'Conor by name, began to earn his living in this city by folding, directing, and selling a newspaper published by his father, and called The Military Monitor. As we go to press his death at the age of eighty is announced, and the United States courts of the district adjourn out of respect to his memory as the most eminent lawyer in the land. Mr. O'Conor might have succeeded in anything that he undertook, but it is not likely that any vocation other than that of the law would have proved to be so peculiarly within the grasp of his intellect. "The legal cast of mind" is a popular phrase, but is not popularly understood. Probably nine out of ten laymen would, if asked, define a legal mind as one combining profundity and keenness, but while these qualities no doubt go to the equipment of a good lawyer, they do not make him great, unless they are dominated by a power of nice and instant discrimination. This power Mr. O'Conor possessed in a degree rarely equaled. His perception of the precise differences or analogies between any case that might be in hand and any or all other cases, coupled with the faculty of presenting his conclusions, went far toward establishing his place in the American bar. In these days it is rare that a man achieves a really national fame outside of politics. One may count on the fingers of a hand the clergymen, doctors, and men of letters whose names are known to every person of intelligence the country round, but the advertising power of politics is limited only by the party press. As a politician Mr. O'Conor was never a success. He was voted for by a respectable number of followers as a candidate for the Presidency in 1872, but this was done against his wishes. He never sought political honors, and would very likely have made a failure of any political enterprise had he undertaken MIGMA.

to be a leader therein. Mr. O'Conor was a Roman Catholic in religion and a Democrat in nominal politics, but Republicans may safely pray for more such Democrats, and be guilty of no partisan disloyalty. It is many years since Mr. O'Conor was engaged in active practice of his profession, but he will long be quoted as one of the most eminent jurists that America has yet produced.

[The following article was written before the recent crisis in Wall Street, but as the events of the past few days are strongly corroboratory of the views herein set forth, no change has been found necessary.—Ed.]

ONE of the most peculiar features of our present financial condition is the demonstration which it offers that Wall Street is in no sense an indicator of the state of business. Business may be at a standstill, and yet the results of previous years of profitable activity may be such as to furnish abundant means to enable the gamblers of Wall Street to play the everlasting game of bluff which they denominate "business." In the phrase of the street, "money is easy, though business is dull." This simply means that money is abundant, seeking investment, and satisfied with fair returns. Apparently the country is in a very sound financial condition. Among the people there is very little indebtedness. The small country dealers are not selling on credit to any great extent. Whatever consumers buy is now bought for cash as a general rule. Wages are fairly good. Prices are at that golden mean at which economists tell us that sellers and consumers are always content that they should remain. The supply of food products is abundant, and the prospects of a bountiful harvest are most encouraging. In fact, any one who should visit our land without the power of learning the general feeling, but looking only at what are usually considered the signs of prosperity and contentment, would, no doubt, esteem us a most fortunate people. Yet there was never, perhaps; more universal dissatisfaction, and never, at this time of the year, so great an apprehension of pending financial disaster.

A thousand causes are assigned for this state of facts, and as many remedies proposed. Each one's theory has, perhaps, some element of truth in it; but no explanation that has yet been given is at all adequate to the solution of the whole question. It is more than probable that the country and the world has reached a point in their financial and economic. development for which history offers no parallel. During the past fifty years some wonderful forces have been at work, which are so universal and stupendous in their character that it is not strange that there should be more or less of discrepancy between their results. The world's life has become a series of great machines, which must from time to time be carefully adjusted to each other's workings and capacity. course, the great underlying law of trade is that of supply and demand. What the world needs it will pay for; what it does not want is loss. This demand, however, is subject to many and strange fluctuations. When business is what is termed brisk, men will buy not only what they absolutely need, but what they only fancy they would like. At such times people not only purchase what they are able to pay for, but discount expected fortune, and buy upon credit. The world's demand is, therefore, not a little regulated by the world's hopes and fears. The man who feels confident of to-morrow is less careful of to-day.

Even in what are considered the necessaries of life, the demand is very variable. One would naturally suppose that the amount per capita of food—wheat, corn, meat, cheese, coffee, or sugar, for instance—would be a fixed quantity, and could be estimated almost as easily as the value of a pile of silver bricks by the simple process of multiplication. Such is not the case, however. The actual consumption of food varies very greatly with the circumstances attending

the general welfare.

The marvelous increase in the production of creature comforts during the past half century has been attended by an almost equally increased demand. The mower and reaper, the seed-drill and steam-thresher, steamplows, improved cultivators, and all the varied forms of labor-saving agricultural machinery, have more than quadrupled the productive capacity of the farm-laborer. Undreamed-of methods of transportation have made this increased production accessible to all the world. The same means of communication have made a knowledge of all the world's commodities common property. The consumer's desire has been constantly stimulated by the possibility of possession. At the same time, the prime medium of exchange and ultimate representative of value, the supply of the precious metals, has increased in even more amazing ratio. California in a single decade poured more gold into the world's lap than three centuries had produced before. Nevada and Colorado have heaped up the silver until the world hardly counts it a precious metal. Australia has repeated the miracle. The diamond-fields of Africa added, in another form, to exchangeable and inde-structible values. At the same time the facilities of commerce have become so perfected that one dollar of coin is easily made to do the duty that ten did before. Banks, exchanges, telegraphs, stocks, bonds, and the like, have all served to swell the volume of trade by reducing the time required for each transaction. Yet, up to a very recent period, the increase in the demand has seemed to keep pace with the increased supply.

While this has been true of the raw material it has been still more wonderfully applicable to manufactured products. There is hardly a branch of manufacture in which to-day a laborer does not produce by the aid of improved machinery ten times as much as he did fifty years ago. Not only this, but the profits of manufacture have tempted more and more to engage in it with each succeeding year. From year to year this increase of production and consumption have gone on as if the real limitation of demand was the utmost

capacity of production.

Now, for the first time, we seem to have demonstrated the fact that the world is able to produce more than it is ready to use. There is more food than there are mouths to consume or purses to buy. There are more coats than there are backs to be covered; more shoes than there are feet that need them; more coals than there are hearths to burn them, and more kerosene than there are lamps to be filled. In fact, of all the chief staples of agricultural, mineral, or manual production, the world has more on hand than she knows what to do with. Especially is this true of our own country. Our industries of every kind have been stimulated by amazing opportunity and unparalleled profit, until we have quite lost sight of the fact that the world's business is simply an adjustment of natural relations. Every time we doubled our productive power the world's great maw seemed to have been enlarged in like degree, and we laughed at the thought that it might some time be filled. The result is that

MIGMA.

the farmer now says it is useless to raise wheat, because the price is too low to yield a profit. The manufacturer cannot sell his goods because no one needs them. The retailer does not buy because he has stock enough on The jobber fails because he has bought for a market that has not developed. The capitalist gambles because legitimate business no longer offers such marvelous profits as we have come to regard as nominal rather than exceptional. What is the remedy? The doctors tell us glibly. Political economists and financiers, who sit at the clubs and regulate the affairs of the universe, have each one an unfailing remedy. The fierce-eyed students of harsh-visaged facts who have discovered in some specific nostrum a panacea for the world's ills-these will discourse with wondrous fluency on labor and capital, the rights of one and the wrongs of the other, and tell us of a millennial day when each shall own nothing and all shall own everything. The doctors will tell us the remedy-but it will be when time has worked out the great conundrum and held the solution up where all may read its terms.

..

THE lesson for the capitalists to learn from our sudden crash is to back the business man at fair rates of interest instead of the scalper at rates which presuppose

fraud and peril.

The warning for the active business man is to stick to actual business and leave gambling to blackguards. Trade, manufacture and agriculture are the three great avenues to success. Intelligence and capital pursuing them are sure of good returns. Speculators—the gamblers and pirates of business—may gather a rich booty now and then, and in a few cases may live to enjoy their gains; but, in most cases, their career ends in a running-noose and disgrace.

THE undiscriminating credulity of capitalists who claim to be the sharpest and shrewdest of business men is well illustrated by the events of the recent panic. Men put hundreds of thousands of dollars into the hands of Grant & Ward without the suggestion of security, and upon a vague statement of imaginary profits which a fool ought to have known that it was impossible that any business should pay. It matters not what percentage any form of brokerage may yield, it can only safely pay what legitimate business can afford to give for the use of funds, for brokerage must feed on business, and the higher the rates the broker can afford to pay the more risky is the business which supports him and the surer is he to fail. If one of the capitalists who entrusted their thousands to the balloon houses of Wall Street, not only without security but with a plain notification of almost certain loss, had been approached by a merchant or manufacturer, seeking a loan for a regular business with the guaranty of good prospects for legitimate returns, probity, intelligence and the anchor of a modest life and high resolve, the capitalist would have sneered at him unless he had placed in his hands what he would term tangible collateral to an amount beyond the value of the loan. While millions were being staked on a breath, sound, healthy business enterprises were vainly seeking capital for the extension of their scope and the enhancement of demonstrable profits. We happen to know a few instances of this which sound strangely enough beside the oft-repeated wail, "I put my money with So-and-So, who said they would pay me two per cent. a month, and now it is gone."

A cotton manufacturer from the South who had put something like a hundred thousand dollars into his

buildings and machinery wished to borrow fifty thousand on ten years' time at eight per cent. on a mortgage of the property, and with not a cent of debt beyond this amount. It is one of the first properties in the country, and the owner one of the staunchest business men in the land. He had to go to London for his money.

One of the very men who lost his entire fortune by trusting the simple word of a kiteflyer was approached within a few months by a commission-merchant, who, by skill, prudence and honesty, has built up a trade out of nothing that yields a fair profit. He knows every phase of his particular business. He has skill, experience, and the highest integrity. He desired to extend his business, and was prepared to make a full showing of profit and risk. He wished to get twenty thousand dollars to put into this trade. The capitalist would not listen to him, but put a hundred and fifty thousand dollars into the hands of a speculator, taking a simple receipt. To-day he is a beggar, and deserves to be.

A man had one hundred thousand dollars in a wellestablished business who had the money on call at seven per cent. He took out one-half of it to put into a fancy stock that was sure to go up to the skies almost in a few months. He knew it was safe, for it was so low it could get no lower. He assured the firm that he would not call the remainder of the loan. But the stocks, which were at bottom prices, found lower level, and still kept going downwards. The bottom fell out, and the stocks ran down like quicksilver. He called the rest of his money. The firm paid what they could, and made an assignment to protect their creditors. He lost stocks and money both. The firm will pay dollar for dollar, and had he stood by them instead of trying to get a hundred per cent. an hour out of an enterprise that had already been wrecked by hungry speculators, he would have had his money and a certainty of fair profits to-day.

There are thousands of such instances. Just so long as capital prefers gambling to legitimate business it will be subject to such crises as we have just experienced.

Industrial Education for the South.

THE following letter to the editor from Dr. Geo. F. Magoun, the President of Iowa College, at Grinnell, Iowa, derives especial significance and value from the fact that Dr. Magoun is not only one of the most successful and advanced educators of the country, but also one whose mind is of that peculiar type known as practical. He is not only the sound and efficient administrator of the affairs of a college which even a Western cyclone could not destroy, but the cool and sagacious observer of the educational needs and systems of this and other lands. He is not only to be found on the crest of the advance wave of thought, but he is also a very clear prognosticator of what is to come after. The question of industrial education for the whole country is one to which he has given very close attention, and his opinions in regard to its application to the needs of the recently enfranchised element of the South is very well worthy of consideration. Other leading minds have also begun to moot the same question, and we hope to lay before our readers at an early day the opinions of some others of our most thoughtful minds upon the subject:

MY DEAR JUDGE: You are doing great and timely service for the cause of education at the South by your efforts in your books, your magazine, and elsewhere.

MIGMA.

Absolute indifference to the great peril from illiteracy among ex-slaves seems to have passed away, and the stage of inquiry as to the best means of removing it

seems to have begun.

May I offer one suggestion which observation a few years since among the freedmen and much reflection, with comparisons made in foreign countries, have impressed upon me? It is this, that the key of the future for the black men of the South is industrial education. The laboring men of other lands cannot hold their own in skilled labor save as they receive such education, and this of a constantly advancing type. The English House of Commons moved two years since for a Royal Commission to study the technical schools of the continent, and the report respecting France made by this commission has been republished at Washington by the United States Commissioner of Education. In our two leading northwestern cities, St. Louis and Chicago, splendid manual training-schools have been formed, and east and west the question of elementary manual training in public schools is up for discussion and decision. All this for white laboring men. As long ago as December, 1879, the Legislature of Tennessee authorized a brief manual of the Elementary Principles of Agriculture to be "taught in the public schools of the State," for the benefit of white farmers again. Professor of Chemistry in the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, prepared the book-107 pages. all this is there anything for the educational improvement of the black laborer just where he needs education most? The labor of the South is subject in these years to a marvelous revolution. The only opportunity the freedman has to rise is by furnishing such skilled labor as the great changes going on in that splendid section of the land require. How can he furnish it, unless the education given him is chiefly industrial and technical? Some very pertinent statements of the situation are made in the Princeton Review for May. They confirm all that you have said. As to the various bills before Congress, the writer says: "Immediate assistance should be rendered to the ex-slave States in the development of an education suited to their political and industrial needs." Can this be an education in Latin and Greek? (The writer contends earnestly for retaining these studies in classical college and academy courses for students of all colors.) Can it be anything else than training in elementary industry, such as is now demanded for our Northern common schools? If the denominational freedmen's schools find this a necessity, is it anything less for the Southern public schools act which is contemplated in the bills before Congress ?

Plainly, if this opportunity for furnishing the skilled labor of the South hereafter (as he has furnished the unskilled heretofore) slips away from the black man, he can never rise. In the race for property, influence, and all success in life, the industriously educated white man-whatever may be said of Southern white men "hating to work "-will outstrip him, Before an ecclesiastical body of representative colored men at Memphis, in the autumn of 1880, I urged this consideration, when asked to advise them about education, as the one most germane to their interests; and preachers and laymen, and their white teachers, approved every word, and gave me most hearty thanks. I counseled aspiring young men to abstain from unsuitable attempts at merely literary training; from overlooking the intermediate links of culture in striving after something "beyond their measure;" from expecting any more to be shot up into United States Senatorships,

etc., by a revolution which had already well nigh spent its first exceptional force (as a few extraordinary persons are thrown up into extraordinary distinction in the beginning of revolutions); from ambitious rejection of the steady, thorough, toilsome methods of fitting themselves for immediate practical duties and nearer spheres, by which alone any class is really and healthfully elevated. To shirk elementary preparation and aspire after the results of scholarship without its painstaking processes is THE temptation of colored students, as I know by having taught them daily in college classes. I rejoice in every such student who really climbs the heights of learning with exceeding joy. But a far greater proportion than has thus far submitted to thorough-going preparation for skilled labor must do so, or there is no great future for them in this land as a race.

The smaller appropriation named in the Princeton Review (\$4,000,000 per annum) expended in book instruction, with twice as much more for industrial training, would be, in my judgment, the thing that would most successfully ward off the perils of the Southern future. Have we no statesman of grasp enough to plan this and make it a reality? Would not Southern men of influence welcome better a bill that promised the creation of a great body of skilled labor, so sorely needed for their section? Can aught wiser or more generous to the South be devised than this? Education is a very general name. It is coming to include under it innumerable specialties. What is the pressing, imperative specialty for the ignorant black South, if not this? Let us not waste money and pains in bestowing upon those in such need unfitting benefactions when fitting ones can be bestowed.

Or must it be all that one Congress can do to inaugurate something indefinite for the salvation and elevation of the black South, leaving it to later statesmanship to devise and inaugurate the definitely necessary thing?

Yours ever, my dear sir,

GEO. F. MAGOUN.

Iowa College, May, 1884.

A FRIEND sends us some quaint sayings of childhood that are well worth preserving:

"Mamma," said little Mattie, hugging her doll, "I do so love my dolly. I hope I shan't break her before we get to heaven."

"Dollies do not go to heaven, darling."

"Dollies don't go to heaven? Not when they are good?"

" No, pet."

Mattie thought a while, then plucking up courage she turned from her mother, and with all the baby determination she could command, said:

"Come along, dolly ; you and I will go to hell !"

Another is of a little one whose surroundings had been of a peculiarly exalted religious character, but who was, nevertheless, gifted with a very robust physical nature and an irresistible inclination to enjoy the pleasure of the earth. Coming in one day after a rain, drabbled and dirty from some voluntary investigations in the back yard, her father asked, with considerable earnestness in his tone:

"Why, Dot, what have you been doing ?"

Glancing down at her dilapidated clothing and brushing the wet earth from her chubby hands, she looked up at her father and said, with the utmost solemnity:
"Papa, I'se been in the darden, walking with God."



In spite of Professor Seely's stout assertion on the final page of his notable book, "The Expansion of England," that there should be no effort to make history interesting, he has not lived up to his own theory.

tory interesting, he has not lived up to his own theory.
"I am often told," he writes, "by those who, like myself, study the question how history should be taught, 'Oh, you must before all things make it interesting!' I agree with them in a certain sense, but I give a different sense to the word interesting, a sense which after all is the original and proper one. By interesting, they mean romantic, poetical, surprising; I do not try to make history interesting in this sense, because I have found that it cannot be done without adulterating history and mixing it with falsehood. But the word interesting does not properly mean romantic. That is interesting in the proper sense which affects our interests, which closely concerns us, and is deeply important to us. . . Make history interesting, indeed! I cannot make history more interesting than it is, except by falsifying it. And, therefore, when I meet a person who does not find history interesting, it does not occur to me to alter history-I try to alter him."

No such necessity will arise for either "him" or her who takes up the volume containing one of the keenest and most original discussions of this "Expansion." The reader will find the subject presented from an entirely new point of view, and if he chance to be a patriotic Englishman who has wailed over the depopulation of England by emigration, he will "thank God and take courage" as he realizes that it is not loss but gain that is going on, and that, in fact, emigration, such as is common to the Englishman who takes all his old habits with him and obstinately resists any denationalization, is merely an expansion of the narrow limits of

the old country. Two courses of lectures are included in the volume. The first covers the various aspects of English history in the eighteenth century, one surprising point being made in the story of the earlier expansion of England, viz., that up to the time of Queen Elizabeth England had no colonial possession, and was not a recognized naval power, France, Spain and Portugal leading the way in explorations and all matters of a maritime nature. Her first experiment in expansionthe English colonies in America-proved a failure, and left a long, and even now existing impression, that any colony, after a certain point of growth had been reached, was likely to drop off like over-ripe fruit. This impression Professor Seeley combats vigorously, giving full space to the reasons which made such result inevitable for the United States, but asserting that no such disastrous ending of the tie between the mother country and any present colony is in the slightest degree probable. Public thought must alter, as it is gradually doing. "We must cease altogether to say that England is an island off the northwestern coast of Europe, that it has an area of 120,000 square miles, and a population of thirty odd millions. We must cease to think that emigrants when they go to colonies leave England or are lost to England. We must cease to think that the his-

tory of England is the history of the Parliament that sits at Westminster, and that affairs which are not discussed there cannot belong to English history. When we have accustomed ourselves to contemplate the whole empire together and call it all England we shall see that here, too, is a United States. Here, too, is a great homogeneous people, one in blood, language, religion and laws, but dispersed over a boundless space.

. . . But if we are disposed to doubt whether any system can be devised capable of holding together communities so distant from each other, then is the time to recollect the history of the United States of America. For they have such a system. They have solved this

problem."

Having proved that England will hold her own in all English-speaking colonies, Professor Seeley devotes the second course of lectures to proving that India is equally secure, not because she is homogeneous, but because she contains such a multitude of peoples and religions that any union strong enough to overthrow British rule would be practically impossible. The story of the acquisition of India is told with equal clearness and succinctness, while he gives an unaccustomed credit to the obscure Sepoy element, without which such conquest would have been impossible. He has small pa-tience with English vanity. "No one," he writes "who has remarked the childish eagerness with which historians indulge their national vanity will be surprised to find that our English writers in describing these battles seem unable to discern the Sepoys. Read Macaulay's 'Essay on Clive;' everywhere it is 'the imperial people,' 'the mighty children of the sea, 'none could resist Clive and his Englishmen.' But if once it is admitted that the Sepoys always outnumbered the English, and that they kept pace with the English in efficiency as soldiers, the whole theory which attributes our successes to an immeasurable natural superiority in valor falls to the ground. In those battles, in which our troops were to the enemy as one to ten, it will appear that if we may say that one Englishman showed himself equal to ten natives, we may also say The nations that one Sepoy did the same. of India have been conquered by an army of which on the average about a fifth part was English. India can hardly be said to have been conquered at all by foreigners; she has rather conquered herself."

Such justice and breadth of statement is rare, and the book would have value were this its sole merit. But it is crowded with wise and pregnant statements, suggesting always more than is written, and in spite of its limitations as to size, it will be found one of the most valuable aids to an understanding of causes and effects in modern history that the nineteenth century has afforded.

THE beneficent workings of copyright law bring it to pass that when superb volumes like these of Mr. Schuyler's come from the press, they must first see the light under foreign auspices in order to secure rights which English publishers will be constrained to respect. Mr. Schuyler is an American, a graduate of Yale College, and resident abroad for many years, having been for most of the time an attaché of the United States Legation at the Court of St. Petersburg. An innate taste for literary research and an exceptional aptitude for languages led him at once to undertake the study of

⁽¹⁾ THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND. Two Courses of Lectures. By J. B. Seely, M. A. 12mo, pp. 308, \$1.75. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

^{(1) &}quot;PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF BUSSIA." A Study of Historical Biography. By Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D., LL.D., Author of "Turkestan." 2 vols., \$10; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Russian where it can best be acquired, namely, in the capital of the empire. With increasing facility in the difficult tongue spoken by the Tsar's subjects came the opportunity of access to records never before available to one who, like Mr. Schuyler, could bring to bear upon them the comparatively unbiased judgment of inde-

pendent scholarship.

Strictly speaking, the sub-title of the work under consideration might more properly have been "A Biographical History," instead of an historical biography, for the first volume is biographical and the second historical, but the sequence of words is immaterial, and the work, as a whole, bears out the purpose of its writer. The amount of mental and physical toil represented by this history can hardly be appreciated by the average reader. In the imperial archives of St. Petersburg, Mr. Schuyler had ready to his hand a mass of material which might well have appalled a student of less industrious habits and inferior ambition. His knowledge of Russian, while it opened to him a range of authorities closed to most English students, must have embarrassed him from its very superabundance of riches. Of all these sources of information he seems to have availed himself with rare discrimination and industry, and the result must forever stand as a monument to his painstaking zeal and thorough scholarship.

That all this should have brought together a host of well-authenticated facts is a matter of course; nor is it to be wondered at that the narrative has taken on a species of fulness that renders it somewhat heavy for the general reader. Nevertheless the motive of the work is kept constantly in view; there is throughout an order and symmetry that renders the very redundancy of fact attractive to the thorough historical student. As the standard history of Peter's extraordinary reign, the work easily leads its English predecessors, and we believe that it is already in process of translation into the

various languages of Europe.

Nearly two centuries have passed since, as a headstrong boy, Peter began to evince those traits whichwere destined subsequently to render him a terror alike to the rest of Europe and to the members of his own household. If the Russia of to-day is regarded as semibarbaric, what must she have been then? The traditions of Asiatic savagery were still regnant even in the Tsar's palace, but foreign influence had begun to make itself felt, and Peter and his companions were ready and willing to adopt the customs and vices of the day as they prevailed in the capitals of Western Europe. The young ruler's escapades and ambitions, his long sojourn. abroad in nominal incognito, his personal apprenticeship to the science of shipbuilding, are all more or less well known to every reader. Upon all these eccentricities Mr. Schuyler brings to bear the light of exhaustive research, and it must be admitted that while the princely virtues are extolled, the princely brutalities are by no means concealed, and the popular idea of this rampant, tyrannical brute of a sovereign, with his really fine native qualities, remains substantially unchanged to the end of the last chapter, where, shortly before his death, he masquerades as was his wont in a series of brutal debaucheries.

All this is told with a minuteness of detail never before attempted. The curious will find many new anecdotes of this barbaric civilizer, who, despite his extraordinary bloodthirstiness, certainly gave to his great empire the impetus that removed her from Asia and gained her a place in Europe.

We could wish that Mr. Schuyler had, as he is no

doubt eminently qualified to do, given us his own estimate of this first of the nominally civilized Tsars. He has chosen to leave his readers to draw their own inferences, and perhaps, after all, this is the wiser course. In the light of all this detail as to the paths through which, in the early days of her regeneration, Russia was led toward the light, we can hardly wonder that to-day her Emperor is perhaps the unhappiest man alive, a prisoner in his own house, not knowing from day to day what new form of assassination may threaten him before the morrow. He is reaping the harvest that was sown in blood by him whom history has surnamed "the Great."

Great he undoubtedly was in natural endowments, and in a previously unknown grasp of the statecraft of his time, but through what dark and devious ways of precept and example he led his people! His generosity, his selfishness, his nobility and his beastliness, are all set forth in the volumes before us with a particularity that has never before been attained. study of human nature they are full of suggestions, as biography they are well-nigh unique; as history, they shed a brilliant light over a period that has hitherto rested under a veil of legend and tradition, where fact was for the ordinary observer hardly to be distinguished from falsehood. It were unfair to publisher and printer to conclude this notice without reference to the numerous and costly illustrations, and to the admirable mechanical perfection with which the volumes are issued. New York literary coteries speak with tated breath of the untold thousands which have been lavished on engravings, drawings, and presswork. And, while the figures popularly named are no doubt somewhat exaggerated, the actual cost must have been very great. The work, however, is a standard in the best sense, and will worthily find a place beside the great biographies of English literature.

Among books by English authors, and new editions of old standards advertised as soon to appear, are a life of Sidney Smith, by Mr. J. Stuart Reid, based on family documents and the recollections of personal friends; a second series of Mr. Stevenson's delightful "New Arabian Nights," with the title of "The Man with the Sealskin Coat," and a new and carefully edited edition of the Elizabethan dramatists, the collection beginning with "Christopher Marlowe" in three volumes, edited by A. H. Bullen.

The wives of various authors at home and abroad are preparing to shine by their own rather than a reflected light. Mrs. Gladstone appears in a sensible little volume entitled "Healthy Bedrooms and Nurseries." The wife of Andrew Lang, the poet, has written a novel in two volumes called "Dissolving Views," and Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk, wife of the historian and editor of Lippincott's Magazine, already well known as a writer of pleasant fiction, has a novel in the press of J. R. Osgood & Co., entitled "A Midsummer Madness."

Anthony Trollope is reported as having said one day to Dr. Donald McLeod that "genius is but another name for the length of time a man can sit." The doctor added that it was a "comfort for any editor to have Trollope as a writer, for there was never any anxiety as to 'copy' being forthcoming at the appointed time. We remember the surprise we experienced when, on the occasion of our first arranging with him for a story, he asked, 'How many words do you wish?' 'On what day do you wish copy?' was the next question. A jotting was then taken of the agreement, and it was observed by him to the letter."

"THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY" long ago made itself a permanent place in the affections of thousands of young readers, and there is no surprise in finding that a new stereotype edition has become necessary. It has passed through five or six editions in its French translation, and has had nearly as cordial a reception in its German form, its success being due to its simplicity and sweetness of tone, and its accurate picturing of family life forty years ago. (12mo, pp. 370, \$1.50; A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

In an essay marked by great clearness and incisiveness of style, and an equal skill in argument, Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson demolishes the last defense of "The Dance of Modern Society." Some of his points cannot be questioned, but he makes the common blunder of all strong partisans in applying to all alike the verdict which can never be a just one save for a few, and the book is thus hardly likely to accomplish the desires of its essentially Puritan author. (12mo, pp. 78, 60 cents; Funk & Wagnalls, New York.)

Mr. A. J. H. Duganne, who is best known from a "Report," afterward extended into a book, on the "Tenant Houses of New York," has written a poem upon the views of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, wherein, with much expenditure of capitals and exclamation points, he expounds the meaning of his title, "Injure Soul; a Satire for Science." While Mr. Duganne's sincerity and earnestness cannot be questioned, he has wasted force and given much more importance than it deserves to a most unimportant subject. (12mo, pp. 214, 75 cents; American Book Print Co.)

In "The Cup and the Falcon," lately issued in very attractive form, we have two short dramas, both of which have been played with fair success in London, Henry Irving having lent his brilliant talent to the production of the first, which is a classic **agedy. Lacking much of the charm of his earlier verse, it still holds many noble passages, but it is too condensed in form to do full justice to the marked characters introduced. "The Falcon" is a dramatization of one of the favorite tales of Boccaccio, which has gained rather than lost in the rendering. (16mo, pp. 146, \$1.00; Macmillan & Co.)

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT'S novel, "Tinkling Cymbals," which has been for some months one of the most enjoyable features of the Manhattan, is soon to appear in book form from the press of J. R. Osgood & Co. It is certain that the full recognition earned, and deservedly, by Mr. Fawcett's recent work in fiction has not yet come, but there are indications that his rightful place as one of the best exponents of American social life must in no distant time be accorded him. In the Revue des Deux Mondes for April 1 is an article entitled "La Vie Mondaine à New York," in which especial attention is given to his work in fiction: "A Gentleman of Leisure," "An Ambitious Woman," etc. The Revue also gives high praise to Mr. Fawcett's poetry, and compares his briefer lyrics to the famous Emaux et Camées of Théophile Gautier.

EDITORIAL work has one strong disadvantage in that the personality of the writer must fail to receive recognition from the general reader. This has been the case with Miss Booth, for many years the editor of Harper's Bazar, whose services to the country are hardly known outside her circle of personal friends. Mrs. S. K. Bolton has recently given the details of one: "When the civil war came, Miss Booth's heart yearned to help in the great struggle for human liberty. How could she do it? Advance copies of Count de Gasparin's 'Uprising of a Great People' being sent her on account of her skill in translating, she took the work to the Scribners, who hesitated to publish it because the war would be over in less than ninety days! The translation was promised in a week. For twenty hours of every twenty-four she labored constantly. The

work was ready for publication some hours sooner than she had promised. The book was eagerly read the country over, and did a great work in strengthening the hearts of the Northern people."

As usual with novels of Washington society life, "Her Washington Season," by Mrs. Jeanie Gould Lincoln, is a disappointing one. Cast in the form of letters in which the three heroines tell the story, there is a sense of "newspaper correspondent" in every one. Not the worst type, it is true, for, in spite of wildly improbable plot, there is much pleasant description, with little of the false coloring that disfigured Mrs. Dahlgren's book. The interest of the book centers upon the chief heroine and her young husband, separated on the morning of their marriage-day by an absurd misconception on his part of her real state of feeling toward him. He flies to Egypt, and the complications that ensue before he can be brought back again are told at length, and often with considerable effect. Mrs. Lincoln's pictures of social life are more or less amusing. They cover "department" as well as fashionable phases, and are more truer than much of the work that has been done in this direction. But the novel is still to be written which will give Washington, not at its best -not at its worst-but as it actually is, with its background of Southern thought and feeling; its more evident and always aggressive political aspects, and its charm in directions far apart from anything that has yet found its way into the novel of the day. (12mo, pp. 207, \$1.25; James R. Osgood & Co.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEIGHBORS' WIVES. By J. T. Trowbridge. 12mo, pp. 318, \$1.50; Lee & Shepard, Boston.

STUDIES IN HISTORY. By Henry Cabot Lodge. 12mo, pp. 897, \$1.50; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THORNS IN YOUR SIDES. By Harriette A. Keyser. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 238, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS. By Charles Egbert. 18mo, pp. 322, \$1.25; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WHAT AND WHY. Some Common Questions Answered. Bicycling Manual. Paper, pp. 72; Boston.

THE CLEW OF THE MAZE, AND THE SPARE HALF-HOUR. 12mo, pp. 190, 75 cents; Funk & Wagnalls.

BALLADES AND VERSES VAIN. By Andrew Lang. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 165, \$1.50; Charles Scribner's Sons.

BRISTLING WITH THORNS. A Story of War and Reconstruction. By O. T. Beard. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 424, \$1.50; Detroit News Co.

TRAFALGAR: A Tale. By B. Perez Galdos. From the Spanish by Clara Bell. 18mo, pp. 255, 75 cents; William S. Gottsberger, New York.

TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSILES; the Greek Text. With Translation by J. Fitzgerald, M.A. 18mo, pp. 29, 25 cents. John B. Alden.

JAMES AND LUCRETIA MOTT. Life and Letters. Edited by their Granddaughter, Anna Davis Hallowell, with portraits. 12mo, pp. 566, \$2.00; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE WOMAN QUESTION IN EUROPE. A Series of Original Essays. By Theodore Stanton, M.A. With an Introduction by Frances Power Cobbe. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 478, \$3.50; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE LIFE OF FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE. Chiefly Told in His Own Letters. Edited by his son, Frederick Maurice. With Portrait. 2 vols., cloth, 8vo, pp. 552-712, \$5.00; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

MEMOIRS OF RUFUS CHOATE. With Some Consideration of His Studies, Methods and Opinions, and of His Style as a Speaker and Writer. By Joseph Neilson. With Portrait. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 460, \$5.00; Houghton, Miffile & Co.

THE ART OF OBATORY SYSTEM OF DELSARTE. From the French of M. L'Abbe Delaumosne and Mme. Angelique Arnaud. With an Essay on the Attributes of Reason. By François Delsarte. Second Edition. 12mo, pp. 116, \$2.00; Edgar S. Werner, Albany, N. Y.

THE SEVEN GREAT MONARCHIES OT THE ANCIENT EASTERN WORLD; or, The History, Geography and Antiquities of Chaldes, Assyria, Babylon, Media, Persia, Parthia and Sassanian, or New Persian Empire. By George Rawlinson, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. In three volumes. Vol. I. 12mo, pp. 596, per vol. 30 cents, \$2.40 per set; John B. Alden.



UNCLE SAM (Logwing), --". IF THIS IS THE VERY BEST MAN FOR LEFTENANT, AS ALL THESE FELLOWS SERM TO THINK, I WONDER WHY HE WOULDN'T DO TOLERABLE WELL FOR CAPTING !!"

